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# THE LILY OF DEVON.

A NOVEL.

By C. F. ARMSTRONG, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

"THE TWO MIDSHIPMEN," "THE WARHAWK," "THE MEDORA,"  
"THE TWO BUCCANEERS." &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,  
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.  
1859.

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249. v. 629.





THE  
LILY OF DEVON.

CHAPTER I.

DURING the period of the Revolutionary War with France, the British frigate the *Indefatigable* was commanded by Captain Sir Edward Pellew. Her second Lieutenant was an Irish gentleman by descent—his name, Horace Gorman De Lacy. In the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, his ancestor, Brian Horace De Lacy, possessed large estates in the county of Kerry; but, following the fortunes of King James the Second, he became involved in the troubles of that period, his estates were confiscated, and he himself,

with his wife and two sons, fled to France; his wife dying, he, a year or two afterwards, went to Russia with his sons, and being of a warlike and adventurous disposition, entered into the service of the Czar, as likewise did his eldest son; but the youngest having a passion for the sea embarked in a merchant ship and proceeded to England, visited various parts of the world, and finally married a lady of good family, and settled in Dorsetshire. Dying, he left an only son, who entering into mercantile pursuits became embarrassed, and at his death, left his only son simply his profession, that of a Lieutenant in the Navy, to support himself and sister.

Horace Herbert De Lacy rose in the service to be a Captain, and while commanding the Resolution frigate, in an action with a French fifty-gun ship, was mortally wounded. His son, Horace German, was serving as Midshipman on board the same ship at the time his father fell on the quarter-deck, just as the *Hercule* struck her flag to the British frigate. The distracted son knelt by

his dying parent, gazing wistfully upon those eyes, so soon to close on the child he loved so well and the world together.

“I die, my boy,” said the gallant seaman, as the roar of the cannon pealed over the deep, followed by a long and triumphant cheer from the crew, as the enemy struck their flag—“I die in the moment of victory—serving my king and country. I have little to leave you, my child, besides a noble name, never tarnished by me;—remember Horace,” he feebly added, pressing his boy’s hand, whose bitter tears fell fast upon the dying seaman’s cheek,—“Let honour be your guide, your king and country your first thoughts, and never strike the flag of Old England under any circumstances to an inferior force. God bless you, my beloved boy, and may He preserve you to be an honour to your country.”

These were the captain’s last words, whilst his officer’s stood around, in silent sorrow. The young Midshipman was roused from his stupor, by a brother Mid, his fast and firm friend and compa-

nion—"Come Horace, dear Horace, do not give way thus, your noble father is no more, but his fame and his gallantry will never die; we have gained a glorious victory over a brave enemy, after a long and furious action; and with one every way superior in metal and in men."

Horace De Lacy pressed Charles Delmore's hand, passed his arm through his, and returned to his duty.

Thus at sixteen our hero might be said to be alone in the world, as far as relations were concerned, for he knew of none save and except his father's sister, who some six years previously had married a Lieutenant in the twenty-third regiment of foot, and accompanied her husband, a Mr. Terence O'Kelly, to the West Indies. Horace treasured his father's words in his heart, and a fine handsome dashing sailor he became, with but one serious fault, and that was a great impetuosity of temper. Gifted with an iron frame and constitution, and a courage indomitable at all times, he was led into actions somewhat rash, but fortune

so far favoured him, that as yet this impetuosity of temper led to no bad results, whilst many other amiable qualities shewed themselves to counter-balance this defect.

After his father's death, the 'Resolution,' having performed several gallant exploits in the West Indies returned to England—our hero and his friend Charles Delmore, who was two years his senior, passed their examinations with great credit, and, shortly after, were both appointed to the same ship—Horace as third Lieutenant—Charles Delmore, as second.

The Honorable Charles Delmore was the third son of Lord Elesmore, a nobleman who possessed large estates in Devonshire and Dorset. He was most devotedly attached to Horace who had twice saved his life, under the most trying and exciting circumstances. Aboard the Colossus, the name of their new ship, was a Captain Flaherty, an Irishman, and an officer of marines, and who though some years older than the two Lieutenants, took a prodigious liking to the young.

men, especially to Horace, who he declared was an Irishman by descent, though he had had the misfortune not to be born in Kerry.

Captain Flaherty was the life and soul of the ship: he was a jovial marine in every sense of the word—loved good living in his heart—and though a little indolent, was a most intrepid officer when called into action. He occasionally boasted of having one or two cousins extremely wealthy in the county of Wexford, who were sure to slip their wind some fine night, and leave him a large fortune, when he declared he would treat the officers of the Colossus to such a blow out, as never was dreamt of on board a man of war; but as these disobliging cousins did not slip their wind as soon as the worthy marine expected and his brother officers devoutly wished, he obtained the soubriquet of Cousin Flaherty.

In the Colossus, which was a noble ship, and her Commander a gentleman, they visited Naples, Genoa, the Grecian Islands and Malta; and fought two or three splendid actions. On their

passage to Gibraltar with one or two consorts, on the twenty-eighth of February, being a long way ahead of her consorts, they gave chase to a large French ship, which immediately afterwards altered her course, and awaited the coming up of the Colossus. This fine vessel was a sixty-four gun-ship, and commanded by as gallant an officer as any in the service. They were off the Cape de Gatte as they approached the French vessel, which they recognized as the F———— an eighty-gun ship, and one of the finest in the French Republican service, and manned by a picked crew of nine hundred and eighteen men. The disparity of metal between the Colossus and her antagonist was also very great, the enemy carrying on her lower battery thirty forty-two pounders, and on her upper deck, thirty-two twenty-four pounders; whilst the Colossus had only twelve twenty-four pounders, and in crew numbered only four hundred and eighty, men and boys. About five leagues off the coast, the weather raw and cold, the wind east and by south, the Colossus began to close



with her antagonist, the other two ships her consorts, remaining quite out of sight. There was a heavy sea running, while the wind came in squalls, but both ships nevertheless carried a press of sail. Horace De Lacy was standing near the mizen-shrouds regarding the enemy with his glass, as they were preparing to fire their stern chasers, when the first Lieutenant joined him.

“ This will be death or glory for us De Lacy ; we shall bring the ship to action in less than half an hour. Captain G—— has just said ‘ that vessel must be ours ; whatever happens, it must be taken as a prize into Gibraltar ; for I will not put up with an insinuation against me a second time, this is the F——— ’ ”

“ By Jove, we will take her, Carkett,” returned De Lacy, “ and I trust nothing will happen to our brave Commander——ha! there goes her stern chaser !” and the loud boom of the gun pealed over the deep, stirring up the blood of the eager crew, and increasing, as it were, the speed of the noble ship in pursuit.

The French commander having succeeded in his endeavour to gain a certain distance from the shore, prepared in earnest for action.

Shortly after the contest had commenced, our hero went up to his commander to reply to a question, just as a ball struck the Captain in the arm, who however firmly refused to stir from his post.

“I know your coolness and determination, Mr. De Lacy,” said Captain G——, “You see our opponent’s rigging is terribly cut up; I will watch an opportunity of laying our ship on their quarter: but mark me, we must conquer—go you and nail the colours to the staff.” As he uttered the words, another ball grazed De Lacy’s shoulder, and lodged in Captain G——’s forehead. Our hero held out his arms with an exclamation of intense grief, and into them fell Captain G——, mortally wounded, he could only say “Remember”—and became insensible.

By this time the decks of the two ships were slippery with blood, their sails and rigging

pieces. Captain Flaherty was slightly wounded, but he encouraged his men to keep up a continued stream of musketry. De Lacy, with a hammer and nails nailed the flag to the staff, while the first Lieutenant taking the command, swore he would shoot the first man that attempted to raise the cry of surrender, but a cheer pealed over the deep from the daring crew of the Colossus, burning to avenge their Commander's fall, that plainly told there were no thoughts of surrender in their minds. Those were the days of Old England's glory on the ocean; the action continued with incredible fury, and with a resolution on the part of the English to conquer or perish.

"Be the immortal gods, De Lacy," exclaimed Captain Flaherty, as our hero sprung from the main-rigging along with his friend Delmore,—  
"You have both of you charmed lives." As he spoke, he fell back a pace, slightly struck a second time by a ball;—

"Not seriously hurt I hope, Flaherty," asked De Lacy, anxiously——

“No, be the powers, I must be hit harder to draw me down below,—by Jove I have to live for my Wexford cousin’s fortune yet;” and he coolly fastened a handkerchief round his arm, with our hero’s assistance.

The enemy’s vessel was by this time in a most sad and crippled state, and just as the Colossus’s consort hove in sight, rapidly coming up, the flag was struck, the Commander declaring he would only surrender his sword to the brave officer who like had fought his ship with such extraordinary skill and undaunted courage. From the immense disparity of metal and men in the two ships, when the news of this great and signal victory arrived in England, it was scarcely credited.\*

After the engagement, victor and vanquished proceeded to Gibraltar, and shortly after, our hero’s ship was ordered home, and some weeks after, to the infinite regret of Lieutenant Delmore and Captain Flaherty, Horace De Lacy was made second Lieutenant of the twelve pounder thirty-

\* Fact.

two gun frigate *Hermoine*, commanded by Captain Hugh Pigot; this ship formed one of the fleet intended to attack the Spanish Colonies. De Lacy grieved much at parting from his early friends. Nor did he admire his new Commander, who bore the character of being one of the most cruel and oppressive Captains in the British Navy.

Separated from his early and favourite companions, our hero became thoughtful, and for the first time allowed himself to dwell upon his isolated position in the busy world. He often thought of his aunt that was married to Mr. O'Kelly, and ardently desired to make some enquiries after her and her husband, but continually employed, no opportunity offered.

Long before the *Hermoine* reached her destination and joined the fleet, De Lacy had cause deeply to regret his appointment to this unfortunate ship. The crew with difficulty bore the cruel oppression of their Commander, and had it not been for the conduct of the first Lieutenant and our hero, who

soon made himself beloved by the whole crew, the vessel would never have reached her destination. This gentleman, whose name was David Reid, was a high spirited officer, and readily joined with De Lacy in endeavours to keep the men from murmuring.

Amongst the crew, was a young topman named James Kelly, a handsome high-spirited fellow, always ready and willing, and invariably cheerful. De Lacy took a great fancy to him; and he in his turn formed a devoted attachment to his officer. James Kelly was the pet of the crew; he could play the fiddle—sing a good song—was the best man in his watch—and could, as the boatswain declared, dance a hornpipe like an angel.

The name of Kelly was associated in our hero's mind with his aunt's and recalled her husband to his thoughts. He was an Irishman, and so was James Kelly. One day whilst the latter was employed splicing a block, Horace De Lacy entered into conversation with him, saying, "Well Jem, from what part of Ireland do you hail,"——

“Faix yer honour,” answered Jas., highly pleased whenever the handsome Lieut., as he was named on board the *Hermoine*, spoke to him, and touching his tarpaulin hat—“From the county of Wexford.”

“Is there any other family of your name in your part of the county?”

“Be Gor there is, sir; and a great family entirely: sure sir, my own father was once head gamekeeper to one of the ouldest families in the county. The O’Kellys of Crokane,—faix and may be sir, though they have the big O tacked to their tale—name I mane yer honour; be Gor, we may be come all of the same stock——”

“Well, Jem,” returned our hero smiling, “I do not think you are far wrong, as Adam and Eve were our first parents.”

“Please, Mr. De Lacy,” said a young midshipman, touching his hat, “Captain Pigot wishes to speak to you.”

“If the ould gentleman had his own,” muttered James Kelly to a comrade, “he’d have his claw on our skipper, bad cess to him, he is sure to pick a buarrel with our handsome officer.”

"Oh, wait a bit," returned the other, "he's scratched my back twice, and——"

"Arrah, beasey, Jem, if he is the divil he's still our Commander, let the ould Dons have a pop at him; may be we'll have luck——"

In the mean time De Lacy walked up to Captain Pigot, who was standing on the quarter-deck, near the man at the wheel, and a dark scowl came over his countenance, as he regarded our hero. There was a marked contrast in the tall commanding figure of Horace De Lacy and that of his Commander, whose figure was insignificant, and his manner blustering and overbearing. For a time the two stood without speaking. Captain Pigot detested his young officer, and his young officer was quite aware of the fact, as he said after a few minutes——"You wish to speak to me, sir?"

"Yes sir, I do," returned the Captain, "I do wish to say a few words: You are a young man, a very young man, (De Lacy was then twenty-one) to be second Lieutenant of this ship."

As the Captain paused, De Lacy remarked with



a smile, "that there was a better chance of his becoming a Commander before his hair became grey, and it was also a fault that would mend."

Sticking his hands into his pockets, the Captain said, looking savagely at his companion, "I have remarked, sir, your extreme familiarity with the men, and it strikes me, that such conduct from an officer invariably leads to lax discipline, and consequently tends to make the men feel less awe and respect for their Commander."

"In what consists my familiarity, sir; you cannot mean, I suppose, that speaking kindly to them at times, and perhaps listening to their complaints, and settling them quietly——"

"Complaints, sir," fiercely interrupted Captain Pigot, "do the d—— rascals dare to complain, by——, if I could catch one of the villains at such work, I would make him feel the cat with a will—how dare any man complain on board my ship."

"Their complaints, sir," returned Horace, his face flushing with repressed vexation, "have no reference to the ship or the duty of the ship."

“Hear me sir,” replied the Commander, “all I have to say now, is, that I do not like too much politeness. The rascals work better under the lash, than any other way, and by — they shall have plenty of it. And if that rascally Irishman, James Kelly, whom I saw you just now speaking to, don’t cease cracking his jokes within sound of the quarter-deck, I’ll cut his skin into stripes.”

“I cannot understand, Captain Pigot,” said De Lacy haughtily, and his dark eyes were fixed steadily on his Commander, “for what purpose you have commenced this rather strange conversation; if you mean it as a reprimand, I must observe it is quite uncalled for, and if I am subject to a repetition of it, and several other inflictions equally annoying that I have hitherto borne with patience, I will apply to the Admiral for an investigation of my conduct whilst on board this ship, which with flogging and unnecessary severity, has become an abode of misery.”

Captain Pigot, grew almost black in the face, and all he could articulate in his rage was “Take

care, Mr. De Lacy, take care, I have my eye upon you and your cronies, by ——— before twenty-four hours are over I'll scratch one of their backs after a fashion that will spoil his rest for a month or so"—and rapidly turning round, he quitted the deck.

There were many eyes amongst the crew watching eagerly the conference between the Commander and his second officer, and many a remark was made, and sundry determinations agreed to—that led in the end to a terrible crisis.

Some short time after this slight incident, the *Hermoine* was sent to cruize off Porto Rico, and by this time the crew were in a remarkably insubordinate state; constant floggings, and cruel severity was fast destroying the patience of the men, notwithstanding the unceasing efforts of Lieutenant Reid and our hero.

Strange to say, though he watched with the eyes of a lynx, the Captain could not get an opportunity of flogging James Kelly the topman: Whether he was afraid to do so without a cause

or not we cannot say, but at all events Kelly gave no cause for an acquaintance with that nine-lived animal the cat.

Standing in one morning between the Islands of Zacheo and the west end of Porto Rico, those on the deck of the *Hermoine* discovered a brig, and also several smaller vessels close in shore.

Captain Pigot immediately ordered the frigate to be brought to an anchor abreast of a battery, within less than a mile of the shore. The battery immediately opened fire upon the frigate, but so well were the guns of the *Hermoine* served, that their opponents were shortly silenced, though during the contest the Captain had two of the crew put in irons on the most frivolous pretences.

The Captain then ordered his two Lieutenants, David Reid and our hero, to man the boats and take possession of the vessels.

There was a slight hesitation in the men, till De Lacy and Lieutenant Reid spurred them on, and excited them to the undertaking. It was not from fear that the crew hesitated, but they were

enraged at the seizure and putting in irons of their two comrades, for no offence.

However the boats were manned, and pulling towards the shore, our hero perceived, as his boat led, that there were three French privateers, a dozen prizes, and the brig, all aground. The enemy at once opened a brisk fire of musketry upon them, but giving a hearty cheer, the *Hermoine's* boats dashed in, and then the enemy retreated to the shore. After some difficulty they brought the vessels all out, excepting two, and these two De Lacy ordered to be set on fire, as Lieutenant Reid was engaged getting the vessels under weigh. This exploit was actually performed without the loss of a man.

On De Lacy's return to his ship half an hour later than Lieutenant Reid, after burning the two vessels, Captain Pigot flew into a violent rage, abused De Lacy for burning the two vessels, which he ought he said to have brought out, and cursed the men for obeying his orders; and that very evening he not only caused the two men already

under restraint to be flogged, but the two men that set fire to the vessels. Horace De Lacy reprobated the conduct of the Captain openly and decidedly, though at the same time, as the men shewed a mutinous spirit, he took considerable pains to quell the spirit the men exhibited.

On the next day, De Lacy was ordered to go ashore to spike the guns of the battery. This he did with the same good fortune as before, and finally Captain Pigot himself ordered all the vessels to be burned except the brig, which contained a valuable cargo.

De Lacy was now determined, if he could not exchange into another ship, to quit the service, cost what it would. His life was rendered so uncomfortable by the continued persecutions of his Commander, and the perpetual flogging of the crew, that he felt satisfied that one day or other a mutiny would take place; but the crisis was nearer than even he suspected, as will be seen in our next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

It was the month of September, when the *Hermeine*, after performing several meritorious exploits, accomplished by the gallantry of the officers and crew, was again cruising off Porto Rico; it was blowing very fresh, and Captain Pigot ordered the topsails to be reefed; he was in an exceedingly bad temper that day, and was evidently watching for an opportunity to punish some of the men.

Standing on the quarter-deck, he was eagerly watching the topmen, when he suddenly called out "by ——— I will flog the last man off the mizen topsail yard." Now the poor fellows on the yard knowing right well that he would do so,

made each a desperate effort to escape being the last man. In the scuffle, two of the outermost and most active men made a spring, missed their hold, and fell upon deck. De Lacy, who was watching the men with great anxiety, for he saw James Kelly was one of the outermost, rushed horror stricken to the scene of the catastrophe. The men were dead.\* James Kelly was safe, but he was the last man: When a midshipman announced this fact to the first Lieutenant, and he to the Captain, the latter exclaimed,

“Throw the lubbers overboard, † and have that James Kelly put in irons, I’ll strip his back for him to-morrow, or my name’s not Figot.”

“This is horrible,” said De Lacy to his brother officer, as they sat that evening together, “I will quit this doomed ship the first opportunity. I would sooner be dismissed the service, than remain to witness such brutality—it is fearful.”

“Patience, patience Horace,” said the first

\* Branton, vol. ii, p. 436. † Ibid.



Lieutenant, "I feel the same as you do, though I am not the object of our Commander's vindictiveness, besides to tell you the truth, I am alarmed at the state of insubordination our crew has got into; this last horrid event has roused them to open murmurs."

"And can you wonder at it," asked De Lacy, "human nature is still human nature, equal in the heart of a sailor as in the heart of an admiral."

As he uttered these words, a loud sound as if heavy balls bounding along the deck, fell upon their ears. Lieutenant Reid startled, instantly ran up upon deck. De Lacy put some paper he was writing into his desk, and was preparing to follow, when a loud shout reached his ear, and down rushed Lieutenant Reid, very pale and agitated, his left arm streaming with blood.

"Up De Lacy—take your arms, the ship's crew are in mutiny; one of the villains *cut* me in the arm with a tomahawk."

"Ah, exclaimed De Lacy, I feared this would happen," and seizing a brace of pistols he thrust

them into his vest and taking down his sword, he and his friend hurried upon deck, where already a scene of indescribable confusion and horror had commenced. Scarcely had the two Lieutenants appeared, than a rush was made upon them, some of the most violent calling out,

“Cut them both down,” others vociferating, “Spare the second Lieutenant.”

The first man that approached De Lacy, he cut down, and the next instant James Kelly sprung to his side, flourishing a handspike and swearing “he was no mutineer, and would stick to his officer as long as life lasted.”

“You are all madmen,” exclaimed De Lacy still maintaining his ground, “In God’s name do not disgrace your country and yourselves.”

It was too late, several of the officers were already murdered, and a party seizing the unfortunate first Lieutenant, despite the desperate resistance of De Lacy, cut his throat with a tomahawk and threw him overboard.

Exasperated by this dastardly cruelty of the

men, De Lacy, no longer able to contain himself, shot the ruffian who held the tomahawk through the head, calling loudly upon the few horror-stricken officers that remained to stand firm, retreating, as he spoke, to the quarter-deck. One only of the officers, besides the seaman James Kelly, kept by him, a young midshipman named O'Brian Casey. On gaining the quarter-deck, the Captain rushed in amongst them, and was furiously assailed, receiving several wounds. A wild shout and a desperate rush of the mutineers drove the captain, our hero, and James Kelly, down the companion stairs, but not before De Lacy had wounded several of the assailants, who, enraged at his resistance, shouted out to cut him down also. They gained the cabin, but before they could fasten the doors, the Captain's coxswain, and three other mutineers rushed in, and stabbed their commander; and then several more, overpowering De Lacy and James Kelly, seized the ill-fated Captain Pigot and forced him, all bleeding and mangled, out of the cabin windows; and then scrambling over

the prostrate bodies of De Lacy and James Kelly, whom they thought killed, rushed again upon deck. In a few moments, our hero and Kelly extricated themselves from the smashed tables and other articles, overturned in their desperate struggle; three of the mutineers lay dead beside them, bleeding profusely from cuts and smarting from severe blows.

“There’s the ship’s cutter floating astern, sir,” said James Kelly, “it’s stark calm, there are sails, oars, and provisions in her; it’s our only chance, for, if they return be gor, they’ll murder us.”

Looking out of the window, it was then dusk, De Lacy, saw a piece of timber hooked in the rope of the cutter, and the next instant glided down the rope, followed by James Kelly; the boat was close in under the stern, they cut the rope immediately, and seizing an oar each, pushed out, and began pulling from the ship which lay perfectly motionless on the deep sea,—they were at once perceived, and a loud shout

pealed over the still waters, and in a few minutes several musket shots were discharged at the boat, two or three striking the gunnel and knocking some splinters out of it. The occupants still pulled vigorously from the ship without speaking; presently a stream of fire burst from the side of the *Hermione*, and the rush of a round shot, was heard over their heads.

“May the *blessed* Lord save us,” said James Kelly looking towards the vessel. “The cowardly butchers, I would help to hang every man jack of them.”

“Pull steadily, Jem,” observed De Lacy, “and let the ruffians fire away; if we could only fall in with any of our ships, they should undergo a terrible retribution. Poor Reid and Douglas, two as kind hearted officers as ever trod the deck of a ship, butchered.”

Another and another gun followed, the last so well aimed, that it threw a jet of water over the boat's side. By the time it became dark they had increased their distance from the ship so much

that the firing ceased, but still it was necessary to get as far as possible away, for the least breath of wind would enable the *Hermione* to pursue them; but fortunately not the slightest breeze stirred the waters.

The boat, a large and heavy one, moved but slowly under the two oars, and as both our hero and James Kelly had received several severe cuts and bruises, their power of exerting themselves had much lessened.

“But how came this boat towing astern, James?” demanded De Lacy.

“Why, sir, you see I heard a good deal more than was intended I should, for the mutineers were sure as how I would join them, as I was to be flogged the next day: the villains settled to murder all the officers as well as the Captain, but some said they would have no hand in murdering the officers, and a party of them, stowed the jolly boat secretly, and before Lieutenant Reid was murdered, they launched her and made her fast to the chains; I watched an opportunity

and let her drop astern under the cabin windows, for they set me free, and I hoped to get the officers, if possible, and Mr. O'Brian Casey down into the cabin ; but faix, the villains began cutting and massacring all the officers, and those men who intended not to join the mutiny in the end became as bad as the rest ; there was no chance, sir, for the officers, for every man in the ship joined in the mutiny."

"What do they intend doing with the ship, James, did you hear that?"

"To take her, sir, into some Spanish Port, La Guara, I heard mentioned ; had I been freed of my irons sooner, I might have warned the officers ; but, sir, what could a dozen or so do against near two hundred blood-thirsty villains ; and yet, sir, they were not bad men six months ago, and they could fight like tigers. That business of the two men being killed, falling from the mizen topsail yard, did the business, though I am sure it was thought of before ; but they never let me into their secrets."

De Lacy was compelled to pause in his exertions, from the severe pain he felt in his right arm from the cuts of a tomahawk, and asked James if there was any water in the boat. James laid aside his oar, and commenced turning over every thing in the boat, and a keg of water was found, a large bag of biscuits, several lumps of salt beef and pork, and a keg of spirits, the boats masts and sails, and a tarpauling.

A draught of water greatly refreshed our hero and his faithful companion, and washing the blood from their wounds, and binding them up as well as they could, they were about to commence pulling again, when a breeze suddenly sprung up. It was exceedingly overcast and dark, and De Lacy thought with every appearance of a strong wind before morning. They were on the south side of Porto Rico, and the wind was from the N.-N.-E., for there was a ship's compass, shewing that those who first intended taking the boat, knew what they were about. With the wind as it was, De Lacy knew



he could make Jamaica ; but there was risk in the plan lest they might fall in with the French cruisers from St. Domingo. And if he steered for Martinique, he was likely to be seen by the mutineers in the morning, who would be making for the Spanish Main. Stepping their mast, they set the mainsail and foresail the boat was rigged with, and stood away in the direction of Jamaica ; but in less than two hours they required a close reefed sail, and before morning the wind, being to the north and west, blew with such violence, that they were forced to let her run before it. As the sun rose, and its light through a dense mass of clouds, fell upon the storm-tossed deep, our voyagers looked anxiously around them. The sea was already extremely heavy, and at times they shipped some buckets of water ; their biscuit they stowed in the locker out of reach of the spray. As to the beef and pork they cared nothing about it. A few biscuits and some brandy and water furnished them a breakfast. They caught a glimpse of the tall masts of

a ship right a-head of them, which they supposed was the *Hermione*, for as they then steered they were making for the very same place, but with the heavy sea running it was impossible to edge the boat off. Towards mid-day the gale was almost a hurricane, De Lacy scarcely expecting the boat to live; but having contrived to use the tarpauling over the stern, they saved themselves several times from being swamped.

“If this gale lasts, James,” observed De Lacy, “we shall, if we escape swamping, be driven on the Spanish Main, and be made prisoners. I will try an experiment to stay our progress—I just see a long warp under the sails.”

“Be the powers, anything but imprisonment, sir; what do you wish to do.”

“Make fast our mast, oars, and boom, and with the warp attached—I am sure there is sixty fathoms of warp—throw it overboard, and bring the boat up to it by the bow—she will ride as easy as a duck, and by covering the bows with the tarpauling,

it will throw off the wash ; the only difficulty will be in bringing the boat's head round in this breaking sea."

James Kelly understood our hero at once, and while he took the tiller, Jem took down the mast and lashed all the spars firmly together, and then the warp. When all was ready, De Lacy watched his opportunity and gradually brought the bluff bows of the boat round to the wind, and then threw the spars overboard, paying off the rope gradually. De Lacy's plan answered admirably. The boat rode splendidly, and like a cork upon the seas, she drifted so easily and slowly that the object they desired was fully attained.

In this manner, she would most probably ride out the gale, and not drift more than a mile an hour ; whereas, they were previously running at the rate of seven or eight. With the tarpauling lashed over the bows they also procured some shelter.

In this manner they passed the night, during



the whole of which it continued to blow exceedingly heavy. As the morning dawned, Kelly, who was on the look out, for they took the watch by turns, exclaimed, "That there was a ship under storm stay-sails close beside them."

De Lacy jumped up and looked out, it was in truth a cheerless prospect, the gale still blew violently from the N.-N.-W. driving before it vast masses of stormy clouds ; there was a faint attempt of a sun beam, struggling to cast its cheery light upon the crested tops of the billows, and as the little boat lifted on the top of a huge wave, De Lacy caught sight of a frigate rigged ship—her top gallant masts struck lying to under her storm stay-sails about a mile to leeward of them ;—

"We shall drop down towards her," said De Lacy, "from the haze I cannot make out whether she is English or French."

As the day cleared, our hero made out another ship further to leeward, also lying to, whilst as the sun gained power, the gale began to moderate, and the sky to clear.

At this period they were perceived by the nearest frigate, and the report of a gun and the hoisting of the British colours at the same moment, convinced the fugitives that they had made them out. It would be an almost impossible thing to get on board the frigate in the heavy sea then running, without swamping the boat and risking their lives; but they hauled in their spars and let the boat drift towards the frigate. They could see several officers and crowds of men looking over the sides, and men in the chains waiting to throw ropes and grapnels into the boat as she passed round her stern. [Well managed, this object was safely effected, and in a few minutes the Hermione's boat swung astern of the frigate, ropes were lowered, and in a few moments more De Lacy and James Kelly gained the deck of the frigate.

“God bless my soul, how is this,” exclaimed the captain of the ship, advancing, “You here, Mr. De Lacy; what has happened to the Hermione?”

“I bitterly regret to say, Captain Ricketts,” answered our hero, “that the ship is lost to his Majesty I fear. The night before last, the crew mutinied, murdered the captain, threw him out of the cabin windows, and barbarously butchered Lieutenants Ried and Douglas, besides the other officers. It was unfortunately not a partial mutiny, for the whole crew rose upon us, excepting this seaman, James Kelly.”

“Merciful Heavens,” exclaimed Captain Ricketts, “I always said something would happen on board that ill-fated ship. But you are wounded, De Lacy; your clothes are covered with blood, come with me, and give me the particulars, perhaps it is possible to retake your ship.”

Whilst De Lacy descended into the cabin with Captain Ricketts and the first Lieutenant, Mr. John Maples, the other officers demanded a full detail from James Kelly.

The vessel our hero thus fortunately encountered was the thirty-two gun frigate *Magicienne*; the

other vessel to leeward, the forty-four gun ship, the *Regulus*, both belonging to the same squadron, under Rear-Admiral Henry Harvey: They had cruized frequently with the *Hermione*, therefore the officers were well acquainted with each other. As soon as Captain Ricketts was made fully acquainted with the whole affair, and that it was De Lacy's opinion that the *Hermione* was taken to some port in the Spanish Main, orders were given to bear away, and before half an hour, the two frigates, after exchanging signals, bore away before the wind, which was rapidly subsiding.

The next morning they made the Islands of Chica and Aves, lying off the Spanish port of Guara, and here they hove to, and having taken with their boats a schooner, coming out of Guara, they learned from the crew that the *Hermione* was actually in the port, delivered up to the Spaniards.

Nothing could be done, without communicating with Admiral Harvey, who commanded on the Leeward Station, and the two frigates were

proceeding to St. Domingo, on a cruize, a few men were put into the schooner, and our hero took the command to proceed and report the loss of the *Hermione* to Admiral Harvey; James Kelly, of course, going with him.

From the officers of the *Magicienne*, De Lacy, who was a general favorite, even when only known by name, procured all he required, till he found the Admiral. He was also supplied with two four-pounders, a few muskets and ammunition, necessary articles, for the Islands swarmed with privateers.

Steering direct for St. Lucia, where he expected to find the Admiral, or hear intelligence of the squadron, with the wind at west, the sea gone down, and every appearance of the weather settling. De Lacy beheld a schooner-rigged craft, with four merchant vessels of from one hundred to one hundred and sixty tons, standing out from under the lee of the Islands of Orchilla.

The schooner was an armed vessel, the others our hero considered new prizes, whilst he suspected the schooner to be Spanish.



She was more than double his size, and with his glass he made out two guns at a side; but thought there were only few men on board.

The schooner no sooner perceived him, than she luffed up in the wind, and at once hoisted Spanish colours, as did likewise Horace de Lacy. He had but six men, besides James Kelly and himself; but, nevertheless, he determined to take the Spanish privateer if he could, and draw off his prizes.

The Spaniard no sooner perceived the Spanish colours, than she eased off her sheets, and looked as if she was going to run in for the Spanish Main, probably for Guara, with her prizes. But De Lacy having the advantage of the wind, resolved after a few minutes' thought, to attempt her capture. His men were eager for the combat, for De Lacy's name was so notorious for daring and extraordinary success in all kind of dashing enterprises, that the men would venture anything under his command.

Easing off his sheets, and cramming his two four-

pounders with grape, and bringing them both on one side, he bore down on the privateer, at the same time lowering the Spanish colours, and hoisting an old British ensign to his mast-head.

Before the surprised enemy could well look about them; for they felt positive from her build and sails that the schooner was Spanish, De Lacy was within pistol-shot; nevertheless the Spaniard gave him a broadside as he came up, which only cut away some of his rigging, and splintered his main gaff. Luffing a little, our hero gave them the contents of his two guns, which, well directed as it turned out, killed two men and wounded seven others. The next moment he ran them on board, and with his little crew cutlass in hand, sprung upon the deck. The captain of the privateer, a fierce swarthy Spaniard, with a pistol in one hand and his cutlass in the other, rushed upon De Lacy, firing his pistol, knocking his cap off his head, and slightly wounding him. De Lacy had no pistol, but he attacked him with his heavy cutlass, and after a sharp conflict, for he fought

furiously, laid him desperately wounded upon the deck. The men had surrendered before the fall of their commander. Thus the privateer was won, without the loss of a man, and only two of the crew slightly wounded. There were sixteen men on board the privateer, including the captain; four were killed and nine wounded—two severely. After an hour's manœuvring, De Lacy and his crew secured four out of the six prizes of the privateer, which proved all English merchantmen, belonging to Barbadoes, and which had been captured by the Spanish privateer, and having each a prize crew on board, the privateer's compliment of men became reduced. This was a most fortunate capture, for two of the brigs held a large amount of specie. Horace De Lacy now made sail for St. Lucia, and shortly after fell in with two ships of Admiral Harvey's squadron, and finally anchored in Port Royal, with his prizes.

This is one of the finest harbours in the West Indies, and defended by a strong citadel. The English had taken possession of the Island of

Martinico two years before, and the Admiral was at this time at anchor in the harbour.

The news of the massacre of the officers of the *Hermione*, and the delivering of the ship to the Spaniards, created an intense sensation of disgust and indignation. De Lacy could only positively vouch for the death of the Captain, of Lieutenants Ried and Douglas, the Purser, and the Sergeant of Marines. He had not seen the Master, nor the second Midshipman, nor the Surgeon.

Rear Admiral Harvey at once sent off a vessel with a remonstrance to the Spanish governor of Guara, stating the barbarous and savage act of the crew of the *Hermione*, and demanding her restoration; but the Spaniards nevertheless added the Frigate to their navy. We may here state for the satisfaction of our readers, as they may feel interested in the fate of the *Hermione*, that two years after this tragic event, she was cut out of Puente Cabello by Captain Hamilton, with the boats of the *Surprise*; one of the most desperate

and gallant actions on record, and for which Captain Hamilton was most deservedly knighted.

Two months after this, Horace De Lacy returned to England, and was almost immediately appointed second Lieutenant of the Indefatigable.

Such is a brief outline of his early career.

We shall in our next chapter return to the opening of our tale.

The Indefatigable and the Amazon were then cruising off the coast of France, and had just sighted a large French ship, which they made out to be the *Les Droits-de-l'Homme*.

## CHAPTER III.

WHEN the Indefatigable sighted the French seventy-four *Les Droits-de-l'Homme*, it was blowing a gale with an exceedingly heavy sea, and the weather hazy. De Lacy, who was an especial favorite with his Commander, Sir Edward Pellew, was anxiously regarding the seventy-four with his glass, when he observed she was struck by a heavy squall; at the same moment he saw her fore and main topmasts go over the side. This he at once communicated to Sir Edward, who was standing near, but at that moment watching the *Amazon*, for without her co-operation it would have been madness to engage the enemy.

“ Ha ! ” exclaimed Sir Edward, “ that is a famous chance for us, she will not be able to repair that disaster :—keep your glass upon her Mr. De Lacy.”

Our hero did so, and could perceive that they were very busy on the deck of *Les Droits*, clearing away the wreck ; in fact, in less than half an hour, she was running on under her canvass and mizen topsail.

The *Indefatigable* at this time was full seven miles ahead of her consort the *Amazon*, and very shortly arrived within hail of the French seventy-four, having shortened sail to close reefed topsails, and hauled up to pour in her broadsides.

The French ship returned the fire, and added to it a tremendous discharge of musketry.

The *Indefatigable* now endeavoured to pass ahead of her antagonist ; but so well did the crippled vessel manœuvre, that she frustrated this attempt, and even thought to run the English ship aboard ; but her crew were alive and alert, all her

officers at their posts, and of course defeated this dangerous attempt of the enemy, who poured a broadside into her stern, but probably owing to the heavy and boisterous sea, it did but little damage.

De Lacy, when first they ran up with the seventy-four, had he had the command, would rather have run to leeward of the *Les Droits-de-l'Homme*, as the whole of the sails for chasing were piled over the leeward guns, and they could not have returned their fire, in dread of setting fire to their sails, which in reality covered a large portion of their cannon. He had seen this with his glass, as the vessels rose and fell on the heavy seas;—he also saw that the lower deck ports could not be opened, as it would have been impossible to keep out the rush of water. These observations he communicated to the First Lieutenant, who at once said “this will give us an immense advantage—but here is the *Amazon*, we’ll give them enough of it soon,—depend on it——”

The *Amazon*, as she came within pistol-shot,



poured a broadside into the French ship's quarter. *Les Droits-de-l'Homme* was evidently manoeuvring to bring both her antagonists on one side. In this manner the engagement continued with great spirit till after seven o'clock in the evening, when the *Indefatigable* shot ahead, to repair her damaged rigging.

The seventy-four also began putting herself in order, running at the same time to the south-east.

An hour afterwards the engagement was renewed by the British ships stationing themselves one on each side of the enemy, and with great spirit and judgment contrived to rake her by turns, while *Les Droits-de-l'Homme* by occasionally yawing, managed to give her saucy opponents a dose from her guns. A desperate fight was thus kept up on both sides till five o'clock, a.m., when the two frigates drew off to secure their injured masts.

During all this long and fiercely contested fight, the sea ran so excessively high, that the men on the main decks of the frigates were up to their middles in water! and so tremendous was the

motion, that the guns of the *Indefatigable* broke their breechings several times, besides having many feet of water in the hold. The men were also worn out with fatigue. The first Lieutenant being wounded, De Lacy, who was unhurt, took his place: they had also eighteen men wounded, but strange to say, not one killed. In this exhausted state, a sudden cry of land sent a greater chill to the heart of the hardy seaman than a hundred broadsides would have done.

It was shortly after five o'clock, that as our hero was anxiously looking out on the forecastle of the *Indefatigable*, that he gained a glimpse of the land, the moon at that moment breaking out somewhat brighter. It lay away to the north-east, right ahead, and could not be more than two or three miles distant. Horrified by the sight, he hurried to acquaint his Commander. Sir Edward had scarcely time to exclaim, "Good God, is it possible!" when the breakers became distinctly visible to all aboard.

The Indefatigable was at this moment close to Les Droits-de-l'Homme's starboard-bow, — the Amazon on the larboard.

What land it was, could not possibly then be ascertained, but it was generally supposed to be Ushant. At first this idea relieved their minds; but just as day made, breakers were seen under their lee bow. The Indefatigable then wore into twenty fathoms water, and as the daylight increased, those on board recognized where they were, and to their great regret perceived their late antagonist ashore in Audierne bay.

As the Indefatigable wore to the southward, the Amazon wore to the northward, and in her crippled state, took the ground.

The situation of the Indefatigable was now critical to a degree; if she failed weathering the Penmarcs, she was a lost ship. By incredible exertion and great good fortune, she passed to windward of them by half a mile, and with the utmost difficulty made good her passage to Plymouth. Thus ended this extraordinary action;

the officers and crew of the Amazon got safe to land, and were made prisoners, but exchanged. Shortly afterwards, the two first Lieutenants were made Commanders, and our hero promoted to be first officer on board the——

Of his six months service in this ship, we shall only say, they were the most wretched in his life; for his Commander was not only an arrant coward, but, like all cowards, a mean and brutal tyrant to his subordinates; and though De Lacy saved the honour of the British flag in two highly-spirited actions, his Commander brought him to a court-martial for twice disobeying orders; the court were forced to admit the charge, but the splendid victory he gained over the enemy's ship by so doing, more than compensated for this breach of duty. Yet he was admonished, which so disgusted and annoyed his high spirit, that he instantly resigned his commission,—and the next day, on his refusing to give him satisfaction, he publicly horse-whipped his late Captain.

This affair occasioned great talk at the time.

Everybody sided with De Lacy, whose gallantry and courage had saved a fine ship from falling into the enemy's hands, and added a noble frigate to the navy of England; and so conscious were the Lords of the Admiralty of the cowardice and unfitness of Captain —— for command, that he was forced to resign, and retired at once into obscurity.

Our hero now found himself at liberty almost for the first time to go where he pleased. He was not twenty-four: a period of life when man is in the full vigor of mind and body, and can look upon his future career without fear or doubt. He was also quite free from the tender passion, though two or three times during his career he had thought his case desperate! but finding his appetite unimpaired, his rest quite undisturbed, and his digestion unusually strong, he came to the conclusion that there was nothing dangerous in the symptoms he experienced, therefore we find him on quitting his profession, taking the world very quietly at the Crown Hotel, Plymouth.

To say that he did not regret leaving the navy would be wrong, and he flattered himself for a time, that he had acted perfectly right; but on cooler thought and after consideration, he allowed that his judges, according to the strict rules of the service, could not conscientiously have acted any other way than they did; for at the same time a court-martial was held upon a Captain C—— for the same thing, and he was dismissed; yet every officer knew that he only committed an error of judgment, for Captain C—— was known to be a brave man, and a gentleman. Our readers will please to remember we write of a period, when the Naval Service was very unlike what it is now.

The officers and crews of our ships of war were quite as brave and as skilful as those of the present day, but rather of a rougher description. There was infinitely more tyranny exercised then than now, every Captain of a man of war at present is a gentleman, it was not always the case in the

year one thousand seventeen hundred and ninety-seven. It was a rough school the Naval Service ; but there sprung from the mass, noble and gallant men, kind of heart and firm of purpose, and whose names will live in the heart of every true Briton, and stand forth conspicuous in the glorious pages of England's history.

The longer De Lacy remained inactive and his mind unemployed, the more inclined was he to come to the conclusion that he had acted with precipitation, and even obstinacy, but what he at the time thought firmness. He began to feel his situation rather lonely, without any tie of relationship, when he recollected his aunt Mrs. O'Kelly ; he at once determined to try and trace her or her husband.

Going into a bookseller's shop, he procured an Army List, and then looked for the twenty-third Regiment, and the name of Lieutenant O'Kelly, or Captain, or Major, as perhaps he might have risen in rank. The twenty-third was in India, but no name of O'Kelly in it, so our hero thought

that perhaps he had exchanged into some other regiment. He was baffled in his search, but he resolved to renew his enquiries in London, to which place he had determined to go and look after his own affairs. and to consider what step he should next take. He was aware that he possessed above four or five thousand pounds prize-money and accumulated pay, but he never troubled his brain with thinking whether this money was sufficient for his future support or not. When he wanted money, he usually drew a bill upon Messrs. Wright, Perkins, Badger, and Co., to whose care he entrusted all his concerns, and he knew no more how his account stood than the man in the moon, a personage we often hear of, but have no hopes whatever of seeing. It was not quite so easy to get from Plymouth to London in seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, as in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, putting rail and steam out of the list of ways and means. There was not even the fast stage coach on the road at that period, neither the "Quicksilver," the "Express,"



or the "Telegraph;" not one of these were known till some years after.

There was however a Stage Coach, carrying six inside and twelve out, and an unlimited amount of luggage and packages, that professed to reach London in two days, stopping one night on the road, and landing its passengers safe and sound at the Four Swans Inn, Bishopsgate Street, the following day.

In this vehicle, called the "Highflyer," Horace De Lacy took his place; but finding on reaching Exeter that six inside, taking the passengers of average height and size, with sundry band-boxes, baskets, and one pet lap-dog, and a small baby, intolerable, he abandoned the cabin and took to the deck.

It was a fine bracing morning in the month of April, as the Highflyer prepared to start from the Old Bell Inn, Exeter, when a young lady, very simply attired, her head encased in one of the coal-scuttle bonnets of the period, so unlike the butterfly creations of the present day, which so success-

fully distort the appearance of our fair country-women, that looking at them "stern on," they appear hump-backed, or deprived of a neck. The young lady entered the office and took an outside place to London, a servant girl handing up her small trunk.

De Lacy was standing leaning against one of the heavy pillars of the inn door, when his gaze fell upon this young girl's figure, which he thought in its simple cotton dress and plain shawl one of the most graceful and elegant he had ever seen. Seeing her looking wistfully up at the front seat behind the coach-box, calculating, no doubt, how she could achieve the feat of mounting to her destination, whilst her little maid stood holding her mantle, and no one offering the slightest assistance, he glanced towards the office, and perceived the ponderous steps used for loading, and quite enough for two men to move, leaning against the wall. Hastily stepping over, he lifted the ladder, and placing it against the coach, saying to the young lady, "Pray allow me to assist you to your seat."

She turned, with a slight flush on her cheek, and thanking him, took her cloak and ascended to her place.

“My eyes, aint he a powerful chap; what a harm,” whispered the ostler to one of the porters, as they with considerable effort moved away the clumsy steps. As the young lady, for simple as her dress was there was no mistaking her right to that title, looked up into his eyes, and thanked him in one of the most musical of voices; Horace thought, short as was the glance, that he had never before beheld so exquisitely lovely a face, so jumping up, he threw his seaman’s mantle over the hard board, and entreated she would make use of it, the day was too fine for him to require it.

“You are very kind, Sir,” said the young traveller, for she could scarcely have reached her eighteenth year, “but an April day is scarcely to be trusted in our climate.”

“Very true,” returned our hero, seating himself by her; a great corpulent grazier puffing and stewing, having ascended and seated himself on

the other side. There were but three on the seat, and on the coach-box, beside the enormous coachman, sat a perfect specimen of an Exeter exquisite.

“All right, Bill,” came from the chest of the coachman, echoed by the guard behind, and away went the Highflyer at the rate of five miles an hour, to the evident admiration of the lookers-on, all considering that rate of speed for a stage-coach all the way to London very great indeed.

The country round Exeter is lovely to a degree. Old Time has not injured its beauties: neither has steam, the potent rival of time.

De Lacy was extremely fond of female society. He would on all occasions, when the opportunity offered, abandon his convivial companions, for the far more rational enjoyment of the drawing-room and its fair inmates.

Of a naturally gay and joyous disposition, with much to say respecting all he had seen in his passage through the world, and having seen more of the globe than most men of his age in any service, he was always an agreeable companion to either

sex. When we add his noble figure, and eminently handsome features, it is not saying too much when we aver, that he was a most especial favorite with the softer sex, and might at various periods, when mixing in society, have made what the world would call a most advantageous match, with respect to both beauty and fortune. But Horace De Lacy had some romantic notions of his own with respect to marriage, caring, in fact, very little about fortune, or indeed both. He felt in no hurry with respect to matrimony, especially as he really knew his heart to be untouched. He was not one of those young men, who at that period considered every pretty face, unprotected, a prey for the licentious to persuade and betray. Far from entertaining such thoughts and feelings was he, when he took his seat beside one of the sweetest young faces imagination could picture.

It was his wish that the young girl should feel that he was not taking advantage of her unprotected state, to force attention and conversation upon her; and thus it was, that before they had

proceeded ten miles, the fair traveller beside him began to appreciate his gentle manner and unassuming wish to render the hours of the long day less tiresome and tedious. De Lacy spoke of the scenery, its beauty and variety, and from an observation of the young girl, on its features, he was led to make a remark with respect to the scenery of the Island of Jamaica. He no sooner pronounced the word Jamaica, than the fair girl turned full upon him her large deep blue expressive eyes, saying, in a low tone, and with much of sadness in it,—“ I passed sometime in Jamaica also, but I was very young then.” What is she now, poor girl, thought De Lacy, but a young and tender flower, bursting into all its native loveliness, to encounter the rude blasts of a stormy world.

“ In truth ” observed De Lacy, struck with her tone and manner, “ you must have been young indeed. I had an aunt who went out to Jamaica with her husband, a Lieutenant in the Twenty-third Regiment.”

The young girl started, and a look of great

anxiety came over her features, as she repeated the words—Twenty-third Regiment; and then in a sad tone she added—“My poor father, Sir, was in the Twenty-third Regiment, and died in Jamaica, of yellow fever.”

Horace felt his cheek flush with intense excitement; he at once conjectured he was talking to his cousin, as he said, “then I feel satisfied that your father’s name was O’Kelly.”

At that moment the coachman pulled up at a road-side inn to change horses, and at once the outside passengers got down, and for a time our hero and the young girl remained alone on the roof of the Highflyer.

“Who then are you?” enquired the young girl in an agitated voice, “you who seem to have known my lamented father, and yet,” looking into his face, while a tear stole down her cheek, “you could scarcely have known him, for he has been dead these eight years.”

“And so,” said Horace, in a voice of great emotion, “I have found a relative at last. Miss

O'Kelly, it rejoices me to think I am your first Horace De Lacy; but calm yourself I pray you, they are putting up the steps, and this is no place either to give way to one's feelings, or continue this conversation. Let us be silent now; but I thank God that I have found you, the world is no longer a blank, for I have some one to love as a sister, and if necessary, to protect."

"Horace De Lacy!" murmured Miss O'Kelly, in a very agitated tone, "how often have I heard that name. Let me however remain here, Mr. De Lacy," she continued, "for I am too agitated and nervous, and indeed my manner would attract observation." She could scarcely refrain from bursting into tears.

"But you cannot, Miss O'Kelly," said our hero, "you cannot remain here all the time, we shall be more than an hour; pray descend, you can go into a private room."

"No, no," said the poor girl, alas! her means would not permit her to call for a private room and a separate repast, and her sensitive spirit shrunk



from letting even her new found cousin know how poor and unprotected she was,—“ I will make an effort, Mr. De Lacy,” she said, “ and go into the room, I see there are other females ; but,”—she hesitated—“ do not think I am cold-hearted, or that I do not rejoice at finding a relation, and one so often talked of ; but I beg you not to shew me any particular attention, as it might bring down upon me illnatured remarks.”

De Lacy felt his beautiful cousin was quite right, human nature too often puts a wrong construction upon the most innocent actions, and blames where praise is due ; he therefore merely said—“ You are quite right, Miss O’Kelly, I will avoid bringing any remarks upon you ;” so saying, he helped her to descend.

As she walked into the house, a very pretty girl about fifteen or sixteen, the daughter of the landlady, came out to meet her, and looking into her flushed and beautiful features, seemed struck with them, for she immediately said—“ Will you join

Mamma and me, Miss, at our dinner? I am sure you will be more at home than in the coach parlour."

"Oh, I am so obliged to you," exclaimed Miss O'Kelly, taking the young girl's hand in hers, and at once going with her into the little back parlour.

Our hero, full of thought, walked into the room where the dinner was to be served. There was no hurry-skurry in those days of coach travelling, and much more politeness; for in fast times, when only ten minutes were allowed for bolting dinner, every one thought only of self, and of getting down the largest amount of food, in the shortest possible time.

The tall distinguished looking figure of De Lacy had its effect upon the passengers assembled, and a stout, red-faced, elderly gentleman, one of the insides, and who sat down to carve a fine piece of roast beef, addressing him—said, "Well, Sir, I dare say you found the outside more agreeable, this fine day. I should like it myself, but I never could get up, my head is too light."

“ Oh, this gentleman had a very pleasant companion alongside him,” observed the box seat very flippantly, “ I could only get a very slight glimpse of the damsel’s face, but it was very charming what I did see, so much so, that I quite envied my fellow-traveller.”

“ Some bar-maid going to seek a place I dare say,” cried the old maid with the pet lap-dog, “ they always put young good-looking girls in those places—they are to be pitied.”

“ By Jove, I dont know that,” retorted the red-faced gentleman, “ a pretty girl handing you a tumbler of punch enhances its flavor; and faith, they always make good matches those girls—at all events, very few, if any of them, die old maids.”

De Lacy thought it the best plan to make no remark: he spoke of something foreign to the purport of the late conversation to the gentleman at the head of the table, who seemed a good humoured jovial kind of personage, and having ate sufficient

to satisfy his appetite, he left the table and took a stroll along the road, till the coach was ready. They were to sleep that night at J——, and arrive in London about Four, p. m., the next day; so at least the passengers were led to understand.

## CHAPTER IV.

IT was past three o'clock in the forenoon, when the "Highflyer" left the little comfortable hostel of the "Traveller's Rest." De Lacy was again seated beside his new found relative, and this time they had the seat to themselves; the Exeter exquisite and the fat grazier remaining behind. The former being on a fishing excursion; he remained at the Traveller's Rest, near to which ran one of the best trout streams in the county. The evening was beautiful, and Miss O'Kelly seemed in a measure to have subdued her agitation, now that the gentleman that occu-

ped the box had remained behind, his turning round every now and then had annoyed her.

“Is it not most strange, Miss O’Kelly,” said our hero, “that we should thus meet; when in Plymouth I hunted over in vain several army lists for Lieutenant or Captain O’Kelly’s name, and was obliged to solace my disappointment by the resolution to resume my enquiries in London. Is my aunt—” he paused—for he saw his cousin’s head droop, and he thought, “Good God, can it be possible that she has lost both father and mother, and thus young, beautiful, and unprotected, be thrown upon the world.”

“I can imagine your thoughts, Mr. De Lacy,” replied Helen O’Kelly, sadly, “you see me,” and her voice trembled, “you see me alone in the world, without friend or protector. God help me, I lost the fondest, the most tender of mothers, about two years ago, and for months I did not recover the terrible blow it had pleased Providence to try my fortitude with.”

“My poor girl!” said Horace, in a voice so

soft and so affectionate, that Helen's eyes met his without fear or hesitation, she already felt the influence of his gentle and brotherly attention,—  
“But,” added our hero, “you must no longer say you have no relative or protector; I am a young protector it is true, but believe me, I will be as a brother to you; do not feel unwilling to trust me with your history, and your present situation. We are alone in the world, Miss O'Kelly, for I know no other tie of relationship; strange and extraordinary as it may appear, I do not even know my mother's maiden name——”

“Oh, I have no hesitation, Mr. De Lacy,” returned Helen, “in speaking of the past or the present. For years I have heard your name from my dear mother's lips, and we frequently read praises of your conduct, and when we resided at Plymouth, after coming home from Jamaica, my mother got introduced to a gentleman, a naval officer, who had served with you on board the “Collossus,” a Lieutenant Carkett,——”

“Ah,” interrupted Horace, with a pleased

smile, "he was our First Lieutenant; as good a fellow as ever breathed."

Helen, with an increased colour on her cheek, and looking her cousin in the face, said, "he made the same observation of you, and deeply deplored your being appointed to the *Hermione*. Alas! a few short months after this, I was deprived of my beloved parent. The climate of the West Indies had weakened her constitution, and the shock she received, hearing of the failure of a bank that contained all our fortune, a sum of about four thousand pounds, which she was going to invest for my benefit hereafter, brought on an old attack of the heart, and thus,"—Helen's voice faltered, "I became an orphan."

"Good God, how distressing," exclaimed Horace, his mind picturing the suffering his young and gentle cousin must have endured, both from the bereavement of her mother, and the total loss of the means of support. "It is strange," he continued, "that I did not think of making any enquiries at Plymouth; I was several months there."



“ My lamented mother did not die there, Mr. De Lacy,” observed Helen, “ she did not like stopping in a seaport town, but went, some months previous to her decease, to Totness, and there took a cottage on the banks of the river, and furnished it. Our landlady was a kind-hearted woman, and in my deep and bitter hour of trial, was my sole comfort and support. I had not more than thirty or forty pounds left, and therefore sold the furniture of the cottage, to pay the expense incurred. When I recovered from my first grief, I at once saw it was necessary that I should exert the talents nature had given me, and which my beloved mother had spared no expense in cultivating ; therefore as soon as I was able, I went to Exeter and lodged with Mrs. Brown’s sister, who was a good kind of person, though different to my kind-hearted friend. I tried to get pupils in music and drawing ; but I had to struggle against numbers of professional teachers. A few pupils in French and needlework kept me from drawing on my little store, till at last I placed some water-colour

drawings in a Lady's Bazaar, which attracted notice, and then I got two pupils in a family of distinction ; but,"—Helen again appeared to hesitate, then looking her cousin frankly in the face, she said, " but persecution from the brother of the two young ladies,——"

" Did he dare to insult you," exclaimed Horace De Lacy, with all the fiery impetuosity of his temper, his eyes flashing, and his hot blood flying to his cheek and temples.

" Ah, Mr. De Lacy," said Helen, getting agitated, " do not let me regret my confidence."

" Pardon me I pray you ; impetuosity is the besetting sin of my nature, I confess it, though I have endeavoured, and will continue to strive all in my power to check and curb an impetuosity, that has already had a baneful influence on my future prospects. I have abandoned a service I gloried in——;" he paused, for the increased velocity of the Highflyer attracted the attention of both.

De Lacy looked before him and perceived they were descending rather a steep hill, with an ugly turn, over a narrow stone bridge at the bottom; the coachman, thinking he had a light load of passengers, commenced the long descent without a drag. But the fact was, the coach had a very heavy load of luggage, and having run some hundred yards, it gained a speed much too great for the heavy fat cattle drawing it, and the coachman was making mighty efforts to check the horses; in such a situation advice was useless. De Lacy saw at a glance, that if the coach did gain the bottom of the hill it would inevitably be overturned in the attempt to turn the abrupt angle of the bridge, and thus capsize into the rapid and deep stream running under the bridge. While yet he looked, the guard and one male passenger behind had swung down over the back seat, and the terrified passengers inside were looking out of the windows. The two wheel horses were nearly dragged down by the prodigious strain, when the pole chain snapped. It was now all over,

our hero threw his arm round Helen, who merely said, "Oh, good God, you will I fear injure yourself to save me." The next moment he put his foot on the first step, and selecting a marshy spot on the side of the road, leaped forward with his fair burden in his arms, reserving the entire shock for himself. Two seconds after, the near-wheeler fell, and the coach went over with frightful violence.

Powerful and active, and possessed of great nerve, Horace De Lacy selected his place for leaping into right well, the ground was soft. The force with which he came to the ground, caused him to stagger forward and then fall, but he preserved his charge from even touching the ground till he fell, and then she regained her feet totally free from injury, but greatly frightened. After returning thanks to Providence, her first care was to turn to her preserver. He had regained his feet, but immediately after sat down, looking at Helen with delight in her safety. he had sprained his left foot, and it swelled rapidly.

“ You are hurt, Mr. De Lacy,” exclaimed his cousin, turning pale, and greatly distressed.

“ Nothing, Miss Kelly, but a mere sprain of the ankle and of no consequence; pray go forward to the coach, there are females inside, and the shock was terrible.”

“ The guard and the passenger now came running down the hill, and seeing our hero and his companion apparently unhurt, hurried on to the coach. Two or three men who were at work in the fields adjoining the road came up, and De Lacy made one of them pull him a stout staff from a fence, with which he hobbled on to the scene of the disaster, whither his cousin had preceded him. The unfortunate coachman had his leg broken, and was otherwise sadly bruised. The horse that fell was killed, and the passengers inside were greatly injured, though the old maid’s first cry was, “ Where is my dear dog, ‘ Chloe.’ On lifting the stout gentleman out, the lap-dog was found crushed to a pancake under the heavy inside passenger. The whole of the luggage was scattered

over the road in desperate confusion, some of the boxes broken, and their contents scattered about. Miss O'Kelly offered to assist the two females; but though they were groaning, and lamenting, and abusing the unfortunate coachman, they very coldly and stiffly told her, they did not require assistance.

“If you could restore my unfortunate and cruelly-treated Chloe, it would be something,”—said the maiden lady.

“Cruelly-treated devilstick,” growled the stout gentleman, rubbing some offended part vehemently,—took d— good care to use his teeth before he died, infernal brute, I would rather break a leg than be bit by a brute beast like that.”

“Beast indeed,” repeated the lady indignantly.

“Yes beast, and an ugly beast too. If you had married, you'd be nursing a baby, instead of an infernal bloated brute.”

Miss O'Kelly expressed her deep regret at our hero's accident, saying,

“To you I probably owe my life—at all events, my escape from broken limbs or severe injuries; for had we staid on the coach, we should have been thrown with frightful violence on to the road. I shall never forget your generous exertion.”

“Did I not constitute myself your Protector, Miss O’Kelly,” said Horace, with a pleased smile, “I therefore only entered upon my duty. Our poor coachman is the only one who has really suffered, and though he acted incautiously, he is still to be greatly pitied. As to those selfish women, leave them to themselves; it was very fortunate the female with the baby left at the last stage; let us look for your trunk.”

“I pray you set down, for you are only increasing your pain, I will find my little trunk. They have sent to Wallingford for post-chaises.”

Horace sat down, for stand he could not. A sprain, though a trifle in itself, is still an injury you must give way to, and suffer pain also. But Horace felt so happy at having rendered a service

to his interesting cousin, that he thought little of the pain, though some vexation that the nature of the hurt would prevent his attention to her the rest of the way, and also that it would be some days before he could expect to use his foot.

A cart from a neighbouring roadside inn came with a bed in it for the coachman, who was conveyed there and a surgeon sent for. The stout gentleman, who seemed to regard his female fellow passengers since the accident with a kind of disgust, for they did nothing but complain and threaten proceedings against the proprietors, for the damage done their luggage, some of their finery being scattered about the road, came over and sat down by our hero.

“Sorry to hear you sprained your leg, Sir—had thing enough in its way; but you very gallantly saved this young lady from broken bones. I congratulate you, Miss, at your escape; lucky I left my daughter behind, to come on next week with an aunt. Ah,” he added, “there’s no getting to London without



an accident: last year I was stopped in this self-same confounded coach, by four rascally footpads, who robbed us of every shilling we had."

"Bad enough, Sir," replied De Lacy, "but infinitely better than an upset—ah, here are the chaises from Wallingford, and a spring van for the luggage." 'As to the coach its axletree was completely smashed.

The cousins had a chaise to themselves and their small quantity of luggage. Helen felt at first rather timid at being driven into Wallingford, only four miles distant, alone with her new found relative; but conscious of her own purity of thought, and of her cousin's noble and generous disposition, she determined to pay no heed to the perhaps illnatured remarks that would be made.

"It pains me, Mr. De Lacy, to see you thus disabled," she said, as the chaise drove on, "and the more so, as I cannot in any way alleviate the pain you must suffer."

"It is only the confinement I dislike, Miss O'Kelly, but indeed between first cousins, this use of surnames is cold and formal ; do consider me a brother, and call me Horace."

Without her bonnet, for she had placed it on the seat beside her, Helen looked lovely and fascinating ; her rich dark hair, slightly disordered, fell over as fine and graceful a neck as ever a sculptor delineated. With a slight flush, but a sweet and pleased smile, she said—

"Be it so—I will consider you as a brother ; so call me Helen."

"Well then, Helen," said the delighted young man, "Tell me where you are going ? What you are going to do, and what are your resources ? for I shall have to stay perhaps at Wallingford, and you most likely will go on to Reading or to London, though I would not advise you to enter London in the night, as you will be forced to stay at one of those great coach and waggon inns, like the "Four Swans" in Bishopsgate.

“That is just what I wish to avoid,” replied Helen, “I have accepted the situation of governess to two young ladies, daughters of a retired merchant I believe. Mrs. Brown, of Exeter, procured the situation for me through a friend in London, and I am going there at once, so that I think, like you, I had better stop at Reading, and go into London in the earliest conveyance. I can then take a hackney-coach and drive to Mrs. Dip’s, 5, Stratton Street.”

“Mrs. Dip,” repeated Horace, “I do not like that name; it may be prejudice.” However, he wrote down the name and address, and then said, “Do not feel offended, Helen, supposing you should not like this situation, what resources have you if you had to wait till you found another.”

Helen O’Kelly tried to smile, but her look became serious and even sad, as she answered, “My resources are in truth small; I have some ten or twelve pounds, but why anticipate evil; Mrs. Dip is a widow with three daughters, and considered

rich. My agreement is twenty pounds a year, a room to myself, and board with the family——”

“My God,” involuntarily exclaimed De Lacy, who had no more idea than an Esquimaux, how the talented daughters of merry and prosperous England earned their bread—“Twenty pounds a year! And what are you to do for that my poor girl?”——

“Oh,” she exclaimed, trying to look cheerful, “Only to exert my talents, it will hinder them from lying dormant. I am to teach music and drawing, French and Italian, and make myself generally useful.”

A dark shade was stealing over the brow of the seaman, but he saw the sweet and speaking eye of Helen bent upon him. With a look and expression he could not mistake, he took that small and beautiful hand, kissed it most respectfully but affectionately, saying, “forgive me, I ought not to throw a cloud over your prospects. Here we are at Wallingford, it pains me to the heart to leave you,

and let you go thus alone into that mighty and heartless metropolis. It cannot be helped; but promise me, no matter what reception you meet with from this Mrs. Dip, to stay there till I am enabled to see you again. I have, I know, one or two friends of rank, they may not be in London, nevertheless, do not go from Mrs. Dip's till I see you—if circumstances, for there is no being certain of anything, should compel you to leave, pray, as you have declared you will, consider me a brother. Let me know your address by a line to be left at the post-office till called for—Will you promise me that, Helen?"

"Oh certainly, Horace, I will, it would be deep ingratitude in me to do otherwise."

As she spoke, the chaise drew up at the "Angel Inn:" a crowd of curious gazers at the door and in the street, as usual. Let people commit a crime, meet misfortune, get injured, or killed, then at once they become objects of curiosity."

Miss O'Kelly's beautiful face and figure instantly

attracted attention; but she passed into the house, while Horace followed, leaning on the arm of a waiter. He had flattered himself he would be able to go on, but he now felt it was out of the question. He sat down on the sofa in the parlour, and his cousin placed a cushion under his foot, saying, "I fear your hurt is more than a mere sprain."

"It's very provoking," cried Horace, "a broken arm now would——"

"Nay, Horace," interrupted the fair girl, "Providence has been most merciful to us in preserving our lives; do not give way to impatience."

"Would that I always had you near me," murmured De Lacy. The words were few, but they reached the ears of Helen, and a flush came over her cheek, but the entrance of the other passengers prevented any further conversation: and De Lacy, ordering the waiter to shew him into a private room and send for a surgeon, for he began to suspect he had dislocated his ankle, took leave of

Helen, knowing that, situated as they then were, it would be detrimental to her, to appear to notice her in particular. He saw that the poor girl could scarcely refrain from tears, as she bade him farewell in a low tone.

It was with the utmost difficulty he made his way to a private chamber, assisted by the waiter, the pain was so acute. In a short time, a young surgeon made his appearance, and at once said he had dislocated his ankle, and was surprised how he had been able to exert himself so much as he had done. However as there was no wound, it was only a simple case, he therefore set to work, after reducing the dislocation, and with bandages and cloths steeped in goulard-water and spirits of wine, he settled the limb, and then said—

“Now Sir, all you have to do is to keep perfectly easy for some days, and all will be as sound as ever; you have had a very fortunate escape indeed.”

Now the keeping quiet for several days was pre-

cisely what irritated Horace. He felt most unaccountably interested in his beautiful cousin. He had never seen a face or heard a voice that so forcibly attracted his attention, and when we add to this the somewhat romantic manner in which they met,—her being the only relative he knew of—her beauty, youth, and strangely unprotected state, all told forcibly upon a mind enthusiastic and chivalric in its devotion to the fair sex.

De Lacy was not in love, but he was in a very fair way of being so : and so satisfied did he feel of the purity and innocence of Helen O'Kelly, that had he possessed the means of subsistence for both, without having to struggle for it, he would have made her at once his wife, had she been willing. As it was, he resolved now to exert himself, and seek some mode of increasing his fortune. He felt satisfied he could get the command of a West Indiaman, if he tried for it, and he preferred the sea to any other mode of existence. He would however go to London as soon as he was able, arrange his pecuniary affairs, take just sufficient



for one year's subsistence, and make over the residue in favour of Helen O'Kelly, and place it in safe hands for her use:

Leaving him engrossed by the most generous intentions and thoughts for the welfare and happiness of another, we must in our next chapter follow for awhile the fortunes of Helen.

## CHAPTER V.

HELEN O'KELLY felt sadly depressed after bidding Horace De Lacy adieu, but to find some one in the world who felt an interest in her welfare was balm to her heart, after the terrible deprivation she had endured in the loss of a most fond and devoted parent. Deprived also of the means of subsistence by the failure of the bank where her mother's little fortune was placed, her lonely and unprotected situation, filled her young heart with an overpowering feeling of desolation.

Her mother, in her youth, and alas! she was still in the prime of life when the world and her idolized child faded from her sight, was a lady of

not only great beauty, but a most highly cultivated and accomplished mind. She had two children previous to the birth of Helen, but both died in their infancy; therefore having no others after her birth, she perfectly idolized her.

Miss De Lacy when she married Terence O'Kelly, then only an Ensign in the twenty-third regiment of foot, had two thousand pounds fortune. Her brother, Mr. De Lacy, then a Lieutenant in the navy, and the only relative she had any knowledge of, for they were orphans at a very tender age, was much against her marrying a poor Ensign, for Mr. O'Kelly candidly declared that though he came of a very good old family, of Irish extraction, he yet had nothing but his pay to subsist on, and the interest of two thousand pounds. Ensign O'Kelly was a handsome man, pleasing in his manners, and free from vice of every kind. Miss De Lacy married and accompanied her husband abroad. After four or five years they returned to England, and there Helen was born. With part of his wife's money, in an evil hour he purchased

promotion, and went out with the forty-fourth regiment to Jamaica and there perished, to the grief and distraction of his wife, of the yellow fever. Helen was then only nine years old.

His widow returned to England and devoted her whole time and means to the education of her daughter. It was somewhat strange, but Mrs. O'Kelly knew nothing whatever of her husband's family. During his lifetime he never spoke either of his country or his relatives; and Mrs. O'Kelly finding her husband refrain from any mention of his parents or friends, never intruded the subject on him. When attacked by that scourge of the West India, yellow fever, he became anxious to state some particulars, the surgeon attending induced him to delay, and the next day he was delirious, and died so.

Anxious both from affection and the welfare of her child, when she returned to England, Mrs. O'Kelly made enquiries after her brother, and found that he also was dead, and his son Horace, a Lieutenant in the Navy, abroad.

Mrs. O'Kelly possessed at the time of her husband's death. a sum amounting to nearly two thousand pounds, the accumulation of part of his own fortune, and careful savings on her part. This sum was, as we stated, lost, and the shock and a return of an old attack, carried her off, leaving her young and beautiful daughter almost penniless, to struggle with a very heartless and selfish world.

Helen felt more than strongly prepossessed in favour of her new found cousin. She had heard of his gallantry, his courage, and his fiery impetuous temper, but most noble and generous disposition, from Lieutenant Carkett, who, during the time he remained in Plymouth, visited constantly Mrs. O'Kelly's cottage. Lieutenant Carkett became in fact fascinated with the loveliness of Helen, though then only sixteen. She listened with such evident pleasure to him, when he spoke of Horace De Lacy, and told her stories of his bravery in battle, and his conquest amongst the fair dames of Malta and Naples. Gallant in war, but fickle in love, as his comrades used to say, but somehow

the image of Horace De Lacy began to rise before her in imagination, and she continued, as she increased in years, to think much of her cousin, and wondered should she ever behold him.

Lieutenant Carkett, when appointed to the command of the Badger gun brig, had an interview with Mrs. O'Kelly. He declared his attachment to Helen, allowed that her extreme youth put it out of the question then of engaging her affections, but hoped, when in a few years he had obtained the rank of Commander, she would again receive him as an old friend, and in the mean time not let his memory be lost in the mind of her daughter.

Mrs. O'Kelly thanked the kind-hearted seaman for his intentions, but said, smiling good-humouredly, "It will be time enough to speak of this when you return a Commander; Helen is only sixteen, and you are two and thirty. I do not mention this to shew or hint to you the difference of age, but in three or four years who can count upon the feelings they may then experience. It is very strange," added Mrs. O'Kelly, in a low

and serious tone, "a kind of prophetic feeling steals over me—I do not think I shall live long; but it dwells in my mind often, in the lonely hours of the night, for I am not now strong in constitution, and am often awake whole nights picturing to myself the future destiny of my child, should I by the Divine Will be forced to leave her, and as I said, when in my mind's eye I see my child, there arises by her side the vision of a tall and powerful man, remarkable for the beauty of his features, and this vision I have pictured to myself as Horace De Lacy. You will say this is superstition, but it is not so. You yourself have impressed upon Helen's mind a strong and powerful feeling, with respect to Horace De Lacy. She incessantly talks and thinks of her cousin, and you may depend on it, the impression, strange as it may be, will grow stronger." Her companion looked for a moment disturbed, but instantly his fine open countenance assumed a cheerful look, as he said,

"I will say no more; if ever I again meet my friend Horace, and I trust I shall, I will tell him

what a lovely flower is budding into maturity for him, and *he is* deserving of her, for he is as noble a fellow as ever breathed. Forget my folly, Mrs. O'Kelly; man is sure to make a fool of himself once in his life at least in love affairs. I have had my turn, but believe me, if ever I can serve you and your beautiful daughter, I will do so if I peril life in the act,"—and so they parted.

Such, in a few words, is the history of Helen and her deeply lamented parent. No wonder then, when she so suddenly encountered Horace De Lacy, of whom she had so often thought, that she should experience a feeling towards him something stronger than such a short acquaintance would warrant. His distinguished appearance and pleasing gentlemanly manners, greatly increased this feeling, and then his generous forgetfulness of self in his effort to preserve her from injury, impressed her heart sensibly, so that although their actual acquaintance was only that of a few hours, both our hero and heroine were fairly caught in Cupid's meshes, and time only was wanting to in-



crease this first kindling of the spark into a flame, difficult, perhaps impossible, to extinguish.

The passengers of the Highflyer Stage Coach were all carried on to Reading in post-chaises, and thence to London in one of the company's stages.

It was three o'clock in the day, as the coach rolled into the quaint old yard of the Four Swans Inn, with its cumbrous galleries and strange old gables. Helen O'Kelly gazed up with wonder at those time-honored galleries, with their antique pillars. Many a strange story could be told of dames and cavaliers, who figured away in velvet and mail on those wooden galleries, and ascended and descended those wide old-fashioned staircases. The immensity of London, the noise, the traffic in the streets, the vast crowd completely bewildered the poor girl. A civil porter however ran and procured her a hackney-coach. Into this she got with her trunk and band-box, and desired to be driven to No. 5, Stratton Street. On went the crazy vehicle, twisting and turning, and jolting its way over the then rough pavements, now and then

stopped by huge waggons with eight and ten horses, like elephants, vehicles now extinct, then the pride and wonder of town and country. At length, when Helen thought they must have traversed miles of ground, the coach turned out of the Strand into a private street, and then stopped before a large respectable house.

“ This here is the house, Miss,” said the coachman, opening the door, “ this be No. 5.”

“ Please knock at the door,” replied Helen, in a voice, not even a hackney coachman could resist. He ran up the steps, and gave a remarkable knock of its kind, just such a knock as Helen would have wished him not to give, for it was loud enough to be heard at the end of the street. A young lad, in a tawdry livery, opened the door and stared at the hackney coachman as if he had two heads.

“ Why didn't you hit it harder, jarvey, eh, when you were about it,” but jarvey only grinned; and

then by Helen's directions, asked if Mrs. Dip resided there—"Yes, old chap, she does, who have you got inside?"

Helen finding she was right, stepped out, and approaching the lad, said, "If this is Mrs. Dip's, pray say Miss Kelly,"—poor Helen dropped the "O."

"Oh," interrupted the would be footman, "you be the Miss Kelly the schoolmissus, as is expected for our young missuses; hand in the trunk, old chap. All's right Miss, the Missus aint at home, only the young uns, but I was told you was expected."

Helen having paid the hackney coachman just double his fare, had her trunk handed in, and then followed the lad into a dingy, gloomy, back-parlour, catching a glimpse of two youthful faces peeping over the banisters, and two female faces staring up from the passage.

"Missus and Miss Dip be out shopping, Miss," said the lad, looking with great admiration into

Helen's beautiful face, flushed with excitement and anxiety; for after all, it is a trial for a young and innocent girl going out as a governess, and having to face a whole family, not one of whom probably would look upon her with a particle of more respect, than they would upon a housemaid.

Helen threw herself into a chair, as the foot-boy, something of a modern tiger in his dress and appearance, closed the door, saying, "he would tell the Missuss's maid, Mrs. Jones, that she was come."

Helen felt inclined to burst into tears, she was so desolate and oppressed. The dismal aspect of the back-parlour with its dusty windows looking into a yard, some fourteen feet by ten, containing a water-butt, a stool, a washing tub, and four cracked flower-pots, with four melancholy looking geraniums, added to the depression of her feelings. The room was also, she conjectured, to be her future school-room, for there were shelves with books, a pair of globes, a remarkably old-fashioned

pianoforte, and a table with slates and copy books. As she thus sat, her thoughts gradually rambling back to the inn at Wallingford, the door opened and in sailed Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Dip's maid and housekeeper. She walked in with a great deal of nonchalance in her manner, and Helen raised her sweet pensive face and looked into the by no means pleasing features of Mrs. Jones, who involuntarily dropped a curtsy as Helen rose quietly from her chair.

"Miss Kelly, I suppose," said Mrs. Jones, looking evidently with wonder at the beautiful and elegant girl before her, who was hired to cultivate the youthful minds of her mistress's children, for about one-third of the remuneration Mrs. Jones herself received.

"I am Miss Kelly," replied our heroine. "I suppose you expected me, as I wrote according to Mrs. Dip's wishes, stating the day I was to leave Exeter."

"Oh yes, Miss, you were expected, but it was

yesterday Mrs. Dip understood you would arrive."

"I should have been here yesterday," returned Helen, "but the coach was upset near Wallingford, and we had to sleep at Reading."

"The Mistress is very particular," observed Mrs. Jones, "but when she understands you were delayed by an upset, she will of course be satisfied you were not staying a night in London without coming here."

Helen looked surprised, but made no observation. Mrs. Jones then observed—"Would you like to see your room, Miss, and the two young ladies—Mrs. and Miss Dip will scarcely be home for an hour or two."

"Thank you," returned Helen, "if you will please to order my trunk to be taken to my room, I should like to change my dress after my long and tiresome journey."

"Oh, certainly Miss," and ringing the bell, the footboy presented himself.

“Take Miss Kelly’s trunk to her room, Thomas. This way, Miss.”

Helen suppressed a sigh, and followed the house-keeper up a rather handsome flight of stairs with a monstrous showy stair-carpet. As she passed the drawing-room, the door being open, she observed a large and very gaudily furnished apartment, also a back drawing-room, out of which came two young girls, who gave a stare at our heroine, and bolted back into the room, closing the door. “Those are your young ladies,” said Mrs. Jones, “they promise to be two very handsome, fine girls.”

Miss Kelly said not a word, but she thought to herself, she must be very much mistaken, in the glimpse she had had of the two Miss Dips.

Following Mrs. Jones to the upper story, she was shewn into a chamber with two beds, looking out upon a dismal range of chimney tops and backs of houses. The room was very scantily furnished, and not over large.

“Your young ladies,” said Mrs. Jones, “will occupy the room with you, it will be more cheerful for you to have them thus constantly with you.”

Poor Helen O’Kelly would have considered it more cheerful without them.

“Pray are we near any park or gardens for walking in, as the streets must be very unpleasant both in winter and summer,” enquired our heroine.

“Oh, there are a great number of very elegant ladies who do not think so; but, to be sure, they have money to spend in the gay shops, and its certainly not pleasant to be looking at fine dresses and gay jewellery, and not be able to purchase them. But, however, you are quite close to St. James’s Park, which is as nice and pretty a place as any of the parks, and the young ladies like going there, as you see plenty of people.”

“Oh, I am very glad of that,” cried Helen, “it will be a great luxury for me who love the country.”



Mrs. Jones turned up her nose, already exaltedly inclined, saying, "there are a great many nursery maids and young governesses frequent this park, not for the fine trees or flowers, but the young men that go there skylarking after them ; but you must take care of yourself in London, Miss, you can't talk to every one you meet, like in the country."

Helen smiled her quiet sweet smile without anger or vexation, at the ill-natured remarks of Mrs. Jones, who was, though styled Mrs., only a spinster, and extremely spiteful in her manner and demeanour to all young females with any pretensions to good looks.

"Do you require anything more, Miss, that I can get you," observed Mrs. Jones, as she was leaving the room.

"Nothing, thank you," said Helen, unlocking her trunk, "I shall just change my dress and be ready when Mrs. Dip returns, to introduce me to her daughters."

"Oh, dear!" retorted the housekeeper, with a

laugh, "you will not want an introduction to Miss Julia, nor after a day to Miss Mary; they will introduce themselves, I assure you."

While Helen waits the return of Mrs. Dip, we will briefly acquaint our readers with a few particulars concerning that lady.

Mrs. Dip was the seventh daughter of Sir James Dicken. Burdened with so many grown-up daughters, he was extremely anxious to dispose of a few, but having married off three tolerably well, at some sacrifice of his pecuniary means, that crippled him greatly, he became less ambitious for the remaining, especially as the flowers of the flock, were gone. Accordingly, after some little difficulty, he consented to the marriage of the eldest remaining, to a Mr. Alfred Adolphus Dip, the son of a reputedly wealthy retired tallow and soap manufacturer. Alfred Adolphus Dip's father was said to be worth a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and the whole would fall to his only son.

The Baronet did not admire tallow and soap, neither did he like the name of Dip; but as Alfred Adolphus's father was ambitious, and offered to settle fifty thousand pounds at once upon his son, the Baronet consented, as the lady was willing, indeed she had reached the age of thirty, was rather plain, but very proud of her descent, and it became doubtful of her chance of matrimony, so she sunk her pride and became Mrs. Alfred Adolphus Dip. Unfortunately the elder Dip, though no longer in a melting mood, was yet fond of speculation; and somehow Sir James did not look sharp enough into the settlement of the son, or the marriage settlement of his daughter, for on Dip the elder's death, which occurred three years after his son's marriage, it was discovered that he had dipped so considerably into the hundred and fifty thousand pounds, that when his affairs and his son's, (for he had joined his father in his speculations) were wound up, it was found that beside the father's house in Stratton Street, there would only remain to the son an in-

come of about eight hundred a year. Now though this was a very comfortable little means for a man to sit down in the country, and enjoy it in peace and quietness, it appeared most cruel to Mrs. Dip, who had then only one daughter.

Alfred Adolphus Dip wished to go into the tallow and soap line again, but Mrs. Dip fainted at the idea. Already she felt all the horrors of a melting-house assail her olfactory nerves—so Alfred Adolphus moved into the house in Stratton Street, and his wife struggled hard to make an appearance on eight hundred a year. The house was newly done up, and gaudily, not tastefully furnished. As her eldest daughter grew up, she had a most expensive governess and most expensive masters; but neither governess or masters could instil musical abilities into the somewhat ponderous person of Miss Euphenia Eleanora Dip, who grew at the age of eighteen, the image of her grandfather, and partook also of his tendency to en-bon-point. Miss Dip did all she could to counteract this tendency to good condi-

tion. She commenced squeezing herself till she could scarcely draw her breath, and to starve herself and drink vinegar, but all to no purpose. The starving and vinegar system she abandoned, for she liked good living ; but she increased the compression system till she walked as if she had peas in her shoes, and not boiled ones either, like Paddy, when sentenced by the priest to walk four miles with peas in his brogues.

Alfred Adolphus Dip dipped out of this world literally one fine morning while bathing at Margate. How it happened no one could tell, for apparently he was taking a dive, but unfortunately forgot to come up again. His body was found after two days, and his disconsolate widow buried him, and then thought it quite possible she might get rid of the odious name of Dip ; but she had a grown up daughter, who wanted to do so likewise, and after a struggle of two years, she abandoned the attempt with a sigh, declaring that henceforth she lived but for the benefit of her orphan children.—

As Mrs. Dip was fond of society as well as good living, she resolved not to pursue so expensive a system of education for her two youngest daughters as she had done for the eldest.

A dear friend who had tried the system assured her she could get an accomplished governess from the country towns for twenty or thirty pounds a-year, who would, besides, do as much work as a lady's maid, and Mrs. Dip, accordingly resolved on having one,—and thus after some manoeuvring, she stumbled upon poor Helen O'Kelly.

## CHAPTER VI.

MISS KELLY, as we must now style our heroine, while settling her little store of effects in her drawers, and dressing herself plainly, but neatly, was extremely busy with her thoughts. She did not like the appearance of things in the Dip mansion, or the manner and vulgar bitterness of Mrs. Jones ; though it gave her no pain, it was at least disagreeable. The glance she had obtained of the two younger branches of the Dip family was far from affording her much hope, that they would turn out agreeable pupils ; they appeared to her to be two great overgrown romps, with large features and great staring grey eyes ; dressed

in what seemed to Helen a strange fashion, more like monstrous dolls than girls nearly fifteen years old.

A loud thundering knock roused her from her reveries. It was at the street door, so Helen concluded it was Mrs. and Miss Dip. Mrs. Dip kept a job coach by the year, and she rarely indeed permitted either coachman or horses to enjoy a holiday. She usually shopped twice-a-week, she did not make many purchases, or expensive ones, but then she visited all the fashionable shops, examined a vast amount of articles, and ended by buying some trifle or other.

“So, the young woman from the country is arrived,” said Mrs. Dip on ascending to the drawing room, and addressing Mrs. Jones, “What is she like. Some countryfied looking damsel I suppose, with cheeks like a red cabbage.”

“She is well enough, Ma’am, as far as looks go, but she seems one not easily disturbed or put out of her own way.”

“How old is she,” questioned Miss Dip.



“She’s under twenty, Miss, at all events, tall and slight.” Mrs. Jones, no doubt, meant by comparison with Miss Dip,—for Helen O’Kelly was fully and beautifully formed, and eminently graceful in every movement.

“Well, shew her in here, Mrs. Jones, I wish to have half-an-hour’s conversation with her before dinner. Indeed, I have been thinking, as she is, no doubt, accustomed to the country, if it would not be better that she dined with the children and you, Mrs. Jones, in the middle of the day, that is if you would like an early hour for dinner, Mrs. Jones.”

“I don’t think the cook would like the double trouble, Ma’am,” said Mrs. Jones, not at all ambitious of dining with the governess and children.

“Perhaps not indeed,” returned Mrs. Dip, “let it be as we originally intended, she can dine with us except when we have company. So pray let us have a look at her, we shall be this evening all to ourselves, Euphenia, and you will be able to judge,

whether she is capable of instructing your sisters in music and singing."

"You cannot expect much, mother," returned the young lady, "from a country girl with a salary of twenty pounds a year. I dare say her needle work will be the most valuable part of her services."

While Miss Dip was speaking Mrs. Jones threw open the door, saying, Miss Kelly, Ma'am,"—

Mother and daughter turned round, with a nonchalant air, to gaze at the poor governess, as they would have done at a housemaid, and both were perfectly astounded at the fascinating and lovely girl, that entered the room, attired in a simple white dress, her own rich dark hair falling in masses of ringlets on her beautiful neck.

Mrs. Dip felt an involuntary inclination to rise, scarcely believing it possible that this beautiful girl, so easy and graceful in her manner, and so unassuming and unconscious of her beauty, could be the country governess at twenty pounds a-year, board included, and who was to make herself generally useful.

Both ladies were positively so embarrassed, that they forgot common politeness, and left Helen standing without uttering a word. But our heroine calmly seated herself, saying, "She was sorry an accident prevented her arriving in London on the day appointed, and hoped she had put Mrs. Dip to no inconvenience."

Recovering from her surprise, Mrs. Dip fell into the opposite extreme, from vexation at shewing she could be surprised into want of common politeness at all events. "It is not the least consequence, Miss Kelly, about your arrival. I ordered a room to be prepared, and then totally forgot all about it; you have not seen my daughters I suppose?"

This was not a very gracious beginning. But Helen had made up her mind not to let anything that was said, either annoy or disturb her. She therefore replied, "I had only a passing glance of them as I ascended the stairs, but I shall be happy to see and be introduced to them."

Miss Dip looked at Helen Kelly while she was speaking with a vexed and jealous look. It was utterly impossible she could deny that she was the handsomest girl she had ever seen, there was not a fault to find, though she keenly scanned every inch of her person and attire. "I will take very good care," she said to herself, "that she does not make her appearance before any of our visitors."

"Have you lived in many places in the country, Miss Kelly?" questioned Mrs. Dip—ringing the bell at the same time for the children.

"Yours, Madam," returned Helen, "is the only one I have yet attempted."

"Then you can have very little knowledge of tuition," said Miss Dip, spitefully, "I thought Mrs. Brown wrote word that you were quite competent to undertake the instruction of two young ladies in music and drawing, French or Italian;" and Mrs. Dip was going to add, and patch and mend the young ladies' clothes—but she paused.

"Perhaps, Madam," returned Helen quietly,

“if you try me, you will be the best judge—though I did not go out into any family to dwell, I nevertheless gave lessons in music and drawing to several young ladies in Exeter.”

“Any respectable family, Miss Kelly?” enquired the mother carelessly.

“I received a guinea a lesson, Madam, from Lady Cautsby, for instructions in ‘music and drawing’ to her two daughters.”

“A guinea a lesson,” repeated both mother and daughter, with a smile of disbelief, “surely if such lucrative employment was to be had at Exeter, you must allow me to think you very capricious in deserting a place where your services were so very well rewarded; pray who is Lady Cautsby,—the wife of some newly-made knight, I suppose.”

“No, Madam,” still calmly returned Helen, “She is the daughter of Lord Thorpington, and the widow of Sir Hopely Cautsby, one of the oldest Baronetcies in Devon.”

Mrs. Dip coloured highly, for she prided her-

self on knowing by heart, all the old families of note in England. To hide her vexation, she said somewhat sharply, "and pray why did you leave a place where the patronage of such a person as Lady Cautsby, whose name I now remember quite well, must have been a small fortune to you."

Helen for the first time coloured slightly. She almost regretted having mentioned Lady Cautsby ; but, putting her hand into her little reticule, she took out three or four letters, and selected one, which she handed Mrs. Dip, saying,

"If you will have the kindness to peruse that, it will be sufficient to satisfy you without any further explanation from me." The moment she handed the letter and saw it in Mrs. Dip's hands, she wished she had it back, for she then recollected the letter was addressed to Miss O'Kelly.

Mrs. Dip took the letter between her delicate finger and thumb, as if it was the tail of the great sea serpent, but looking at the direction first, she exclaimed, "This is directed to Miss O'Kelly."

“I thought it much better, Madam,” said Helen with a slight tone of hauteur in her voice and manner, to drop the O in the humble situation my misfortunes compel me to seek.”

Mrs. Dip had not one particle of humanity or generosity in her disposition. As to feeling, she did not know what it was, except, when she felt her purse empty, which latterly was the case from indulging in cards. Gambling in lloo to a great extent then existed amongst ladies in her class of society, and Mrs. Dip was by no means a fortunate player. She, however, opened the letter written in a beautiful hand and read it. We will venture to look over her shoulder and let our readers know the contents, which were as follows:—

“My Dear Miss O’Kelly,

“I am deeply grieved at the cause of your declining to instruct my daughters for a longer period, and they, I assure you, feel it as much as I do. Your assiduous attention to their improvement, and the rapid progress they have made under your care, render your loss one not I fear to be replaced, at the same time I most truly

appreciate your motives, and perfectly agree with you in the line of conduct you intend pursuing, and I trust you will meet with the patronage you merit. I also hope that if baffled in your own exertions, you will, without hesitation, apply to me; for though at present you decline my wish to serve you, you will yet, when you reflect, acknowledge you are rather too scrupulous. However, your resolve is one I must not find fault with. Wishing you health and happiness, at the same time begging you to accept the enclosed, and the love and good wishes of my daughters, who do not despair of meeting you again.

“ I subscribe myself, your sincere friend,  
Golden Grove.” “ EMMA CAUTSBY.”

Mrs. Dip's curiosity was exceedingly excited by the contents of Lady Cautsby's letter; but with all her effrontery, she would not just then attempt to question Miss Kelly, so as to gratify her curiosity; but internally rejoiced that she had secured a governess, approved of by such a person as Lady Cautsby, and of which she could boast to her acquaintances, taking good care to magnify the salary of twenty pounds into sixty pounds.



She returned the letter, saying, "I am quite satisfied, Miss O'Kelly, for I think you had better keep the O, as you are already known by it. And here are my girls, I hope they will improve under your care as much as Lady Cautsby's daughters seem to have done." And with this very gracious speech from Mrs. Dip, Helen O'Kelly was introduced to her future pupils.

Several days passed without anything occurring to disturb the tranquillity of Helen O'Kelly and the Dip family.

Our heroine's splendid performance on the piano quite electrified Mrs. Dip, and created a feeling of envy and dislike in the eldest daughter.

Helen found her youngest pupil capable of being improved, and willing to be instructed. But not so the elder, Miss Julia; a bold, obstinate, self-willed girl, the counterpart of her eldest sister, and always endeavoring to thwart and annoy her instructress, whose sweetness of temper and patience under the many annoyances she experienced in her situation were beyond praise. At the

expiration of a week, Mrs. Dip's fit of respect wore off, and then envy of Helen's beauty, which had already attracted the attention of several visitors, to whom it was scarcely possible (as they were extremely intimate friends, being Mrs. Dip's special partners at the card table) to prevent introducing Miss O'Kelly, as she had commenced by making a boast of what a superior governess she had secured for her daughters. But at the end of a week the natural bent of her unamiable disposition returned. Miss Dip also was *cruelly hurt*, as she called it, by a Mrs. Crowden, to whom her mamma was under certain obligations in the way of card-money, one evening insisting on hearing Miss O'Kelly play and sing.

Now Helen had not the slightest feeling of vanity or love of display in her disposition. She would have played and sung as well for one of the children, as for Mrs. Crowden or any one else ; but Miss Dip declared, she had exerted herself in an extraordinary manner, just because Mr. Crowden, the son, whom Miss Dip fancied was

rather particular in his attentions to her,—at least she flattered herself so—was present, and rapturously encored Miss O'Kelly, who with her quiet smile thanked the gentleman, but left the piano. From this period, mother and two daughters commenced a series of petty annoyances, that in fact tormented themselves, much more than they did our heroine.

Mrs. Dip, through Mrs. Jones, let Helen understand that as she had been a month in the house, and completely domesticated, it was time she should devote some of her leisure hours, in keeping the young ladies dresses, &c. in order. "Pray *Miss Kelly*," continued Mrs. Jones, who never addressed her with the O, "did you ever serve any time to a dressmaker, it would be so useful to governesses to know how to make their young ladies dresses."

"Well I dare say," said Helen, with a smile, "it would, if the young ladies were intended for dressmakers." Mrs. Jones looked puzzled. Helen's look was so calm, and her manner so undisturbed, that she knew not whether she was in earnest or

was turning her into ridicule. In fact, Helen felt quite unconcerned whether she passed her spare time at needlework, or in endeavouring to find conversation for her pupils, for except when asleep, they were always employing her in some way or other.

Our heroine began to feel uneasy at Horace De Lacy's delay in calling. She feared the injury he had received was more serious than he would allow, and apprehensions began to steal over her mind, from which however she was relieved by receiving a most kind, warm, and affectionate letter, in which he stated he was then in London, but not entirely free from the effect of his accident. He trusted she was happy, and found the people she lived with agreeable, that in a day or two he would call to see her. The letter was written with the most careful attention, so as not to lead her to imagine he wished to take the slightest advantage of their relationship, to create an undue familiarity on so slight an acquaintance. Nevertheless, there was an earnest tone of affection and deep interest

apparent all through, and Helen felt a sensation of extreme pleasure pervade her heart, on reading this first letter from her new found cousin.

That evening Mrs. and Miss Dip went to a grand civic entertainment, for which they had made great preparations. Helen did not see Mrs. Dip till late the following day, and she was attending to her pupils at the piano, when Mrs. Dip came into the drawing-room; latterly the girls had been allowed to practise on the grand piano, hitherto reserved for the elder Miss Dip.

“You are making very little progress, Julia,” said Mrs. Dip, pausing till her daughter had finished a piece, she was barbarously murdering, “Notwithstanding all the pains Miss O’Kelly takes with you; you must be either very stupid, or Miss O’Kelly’s mode of tuition is defective.”

“Miss Mary plays this same piece remarkably well, as you know, Madam, remarked Helen, “and she did not commence practising it till I came, and Miss Julia had played it frequently before.”

“Oh, yes,” returned Julia, spitefully, “Mary is a favorite, she takes pains with her.”

“That is not right,” retorted the mother sharply, “equal pains should be bestowed upon both, and if it does happen that one child shews more talent than another, then the more pains should be taken with the other, not that I think Julia a particle more deficient in talent than her sister.”

“It is my wish and study, Mrs. Dip, to treat both alike. I have no desire to make a favourite of either, but simply to do my duty.”

“Go and dress yourselves for a walk,” said Mrs. Dip, addressing the girls, “Pray Miss O’Kelly,” she continued, as they obeyed and left the room, “pray, Miss O’Kelly, was Sir Edgar Cautsby, Lady Cautsby’s son, at Golden Grove, when you gave lessons to the young ladies there.”

“Certainly he was, Madam,” returned Helen looking steadily into Mrs. Dip’s face, quite undisturbed by the question, “his residence is Golden Grove.”

“It’s very strange, Miss O’Kelly,” remarked Mrs. Dip, with a sneer, “that you never men-

tioned the young Baronet, when speaking of his mother and sisters."

"We only spoke Madam" said Helen, quite calmly, "of my instructing the young ladies, I had nothing to say respecting the young Baronet, that could be of the slightest benefit or advantage to you to know."

"Oh, I dare say not, Miss O'Kelly," returned the lady with a curl of the lip, "but I can now understand the meaning of Lady Cautsby's letter, which was a mystery to me before."

"At all events, Madam, you might have understood from that letter the reason why I discontinued giving lessons in a family where I was most happy. Moreover, Madam," added our heroine, with firmness, "if you are dissatisfied with me as an instructress to your daughters, you have only to say so; I have no desire to intrude my services further than they are agreeable, and found deserving of the terms for which they are given."

"You are very independent, Miss O'Kelly," observed Mrs. Dip, coloring highly, and by no

means anxious to lose the valuable services of a governess, costing no more than her cook—"I have not said I am dissatisfied or any way discontented with your conduct, nor did I intend slighting your abilities; I only thought you were not quite so communicative as you might have been. I met last night a lady intimately acquainted with Lady Cautsby and family, and I felt surprised at her mentioning Sir Edgar Cautsby, for I did not know her Ladyship had a son; but then recollecting her letter to you, I came to the conclusion that it was on the Baronet's account you declined giving lessons to the young ladies."

"Such was the case, Madam," returned Helen, and without another word, she left the room just as Miss Dip entered.

"That girl," said Mrs. Dip to her daughter with great bitterness of tone, "has all the beggarly pride of the Irish. I detest the Irish with their O's and their Mac's. It is a wonder she does not boast that her grandfather was an Irish prince, deprived of his estate—meaning a turf-bog."



“It’s detestable,” retorted the daughter, with her cold, scornful smile and her milk-and-water voice, and her thin scarecrow figure, “I dare say she denied all about this young Baronet; pretty work she went on with at Golden Grove; her Ladyship was glad to get her out of the country you may depend. What did she say about it? I really would not keep such a person to watch over the morals of my sisters.”

Now Mrs. Dip was by no means alarmed about the morals of her daughters being influenced by intercourse with Miss O’Kelly, but a double knock at the street door caused both mother and daughter to approach the window, and cast a glance down at the hall steps; though they only got a glimpse of a hat, for master Thomas happened to be proceeding to the door at the time, and opened it at once.

Who the visitor was, the reader will discover in the next Chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

MRS. AND MISS DIP were wondering who the visitor could be, when Thomas opened the door of the drawing-room, saying,

“There be a gentleman below, Ma’am, as wants to see Miss Kelly.”

“A gentleman,” repeated Miss Dip, with a toss of her head and a sneer, “What is he like, Thomas?”

“A very tall, fine man, Miss, as ever you seed, and grand too, looks for all the world like a great lord.”

“You are a goose, Thomas, lords are not always fine handsome men.”

“What be I to say to him, ma’am,” questioned the lad, looking into his mistress’s face.

“It is certainly not right for governesses to be receiving visits from young men,” soliloquized Mrs. Dip. But Mrs. Dip possessed the bump of curiosity to a great extent. Could this be, she thought to herself, Sir Edgar Cautsby; and full of this idea, she said to Thomas, “shew the gentleman up here;—at all events, I have a right to see who visits at my house.”

Miss Dip threw her by no means light person upon a sofa, in as graceful a position as possible, while Mrs. Dip sat down, thinking over in her own mind what kind of a reception she should give the stranger; but Thomas threw open the door, and Horace De Lacy entered the room, looking exceedingly surprised on seeing the two ladies.

It was quite impossible for our hero to enter a room without at once creating a sensation. His noble and distinguished figure and eminently handsome features, with his natural and graceful manner, always demanded and obtained attention.

Mrs. Dip at once rose up, as also did her daughter. The mother, quite persuaded she beheld Sir Edgar Cautsby, so elegant and perfectly easy was the manner of the young man, as with a musical voice he said, "Mrs. Dip I presume."

That lady felt almost inclined to blush on hearing the name of Dip pronounced by the stranger, in his impressive mellow voice; she however, after returning the stranger's salute, and requesting him to take a chair, said,

"You wish, Sir, I believe to see my governess, Miss O'Kelly. I will ring and enquire whether she has gone out with my daughters. Who shall I say, Sir?"

"My name Madam," returned Horace, by no means captivated by either mother or daughter, "is De Lacy;—Miss O'Kelly and I are first cousins."

Mrs. Dip was disappointed; there could be no attempt at deception here; there was no mistaking the tone and manner of Horace De Lacy; there was a something about him that completely curbed

Mrs. Dip's naturally flippant manner, she therefore rose, and as she retired with her daughter, said—  
“I will let you know, Sir, if Miss O’Kelly is in the house.”

As she closed the door, she whispered to her daughter, “I must put a stop to this, I do not like that young man’s tone and manner—too much hauteur for the cousin of an Irish governess; very likely he is an Irishman—he is big enough for one.”

“And impudent enough too,” muttered Miss Dip, offended that the gentleman had not bestowed a second look at her.

Mrs. Dip wished she had ordered Thomas to shew our hero into the dingy back parlour. However, she told Mrs. Jones to tell Helen, there was some one in the drawing-room wanted to see her, but that she must not expect in the future to receive her visitors in the drawing-room, nor indeed would she permit young men to visit at her house, though they did call themselves cousins.

With a flush on her fair cheek, and a slight increase of palpitation of the heart, Helen entered

the drawing-room. With a look of unconcealed delight, Horace De Lacy took the hand held out to him, looking into the sweet lovely face of Helen, who could scarcely keep back the tears that arose from excess of feeling.

Pressing her hand to his lips, with the most tender and respectful affection, and keeping down himself all the strong emotions he felt forcibly for this young and parentless girl, thrown on the world so unprotected and so really helpless, that not for worlds would he utter a word that a fond brother might not use, though he felt in his heart that if he could not win her love, the future would be without joy or interest. If he failed to gain her love, he would devote his life to protect and shield her from the struggles and trials she would so surely be exposed to, in the only capacity by which it was in her power to earn a subsistence.

“I fear,” said Helen, seating herself by his side, “I fear you suffered more from your hurt, than you will acknowledge.”

“Only from confinement, Helen,” said De Lacy;

“the delay I experienced annoyed me. I could not tell how you might be received, therefore I fancied a hundred things; that after all there might not be a Mrs. Dip, and if such was the case; how terrible it would be for you to be left unprotected in this great bustling city, so that at last I determined to ease my mind by writing, for I came up to London some days before I could put my foot to the ground. And now tell me, dear cousin, how like you your situation, and the people you are domiciled with.” As he said this, our hero looked anxiously into Helen’s face, which was perhaps a little paler than when first they met, for though our heroine always appeared calm and self-possessed, her nature was as sensitive as the plant so called.

“Oh, indeed Horace, I cannot complain,” she said cheerfully, “you know we must meet with some little annoyances; no one must imagine that the path of a governess is strewed with flowers: when I am two or three years older and have gained more experience, and learned fully what

self-control is, I may expect better situations."

"God forbid," exclaimed De Lacy, in a tone that slightly startled Helen, while his fiery nature sent the blood to his cheek, "that you should go through two or three years of ill-paid slavery. No, no, not while I live, and God spares me strength and energy. Forgive me, Helen," he added, sinking his voice on seeing the tear stealing down her cheek, and laying his hand gently on hers, "I am a being of impulse—I have vowed to be your brother, to protect you, to devote myself to your interest, and you must forgive the infirmities of my nature; for God knows that my thoughts and my feelings are as pure and as holy as your own."

Poor Helen could not trust her voice at that moment to reply; but her look was full of affection and confidence. It was quite in vain they strove to blind themselves to the feelings of their young hearts. Love was cautiously, but surely, sapping and mining and making his approaches secure before the final assault. Cupid is a skilful



engineer, and remarkably insidious and deceiving in his first attacks, but he is almost always sure of the fortress he assails, provided his shafts are well planted in the breastwork of the besieged and besieger.

“There is one thing, Helen,” said Horace, to turn the conversation, and restore our heroine’s tranquillity, “I wish to ask; did your lamented mother never speak to you of your father’s family?”

“Oh, yes, we often conversed on that subject,” replied Helen, but my beloved mother actually knew nothing whatever of my poor father’s relatives. All she knew was, that he was of Irish extraction, but he himself did not ever mention from what part of Ireland he came. Just before he became delirious, it seems he was desirous of communicating some particulars of his history—but, alas! the surgeon, who did not consider his case so desperate, wished him to delay a day or so, the opportunity, alas! was lost.

“I have reason to think,” observed Horace,

“that your father’s family reside or did reside in the county of Wexford, and I have a great desire to make a trip over to Ireland, and make some enquiries. You may have relatives and wealthy ones. Some strange event or circumstance may have caused your father to refrain while living from speaking of himself; but the very wish to do so when stretched upon the bed of sickness, shews there was something to communicate. His name was Terence, was it not: first an Ensign in the twenty-third, and then a Lieutenant in the forty-fourth. I ask, because there was a young sailor on board the *Hermione* with me—I was very partial to the man, for he was a fine brave fellow, and his name was James Kelly—who spoke to me about the part of the country he came from, and stated there was a grand family of the O’Kelly’s in the same place, who resided in the old Elizabethan mansion, called Crokane.”

“Crokane,” repeated Helen, with a start and a look of anxious surprise, “this is a clue indeed Horace. I have a ring of my father’s, which my

mother dearly prized after his death; it has a blood-stone in its centre, and on it the single word "Crokane." I will shew it you the next time we meet;" but her cheek flushed as she hesitated, and then said with a serious smile, "Mrs Dip has intimated to me that it is against her rules that a governess should receive visitors in her house."

"Then the sooner you and Mrs. Dip part the better," said Horace, indignantly, "I have friends in this city, Helen," he continued more calmly, "and aristocratic ones; but I have not had time to look about me, but——" Just then the drawing-room door opened, and Mrs. Jones entered.

She cast a keen searching look upon the fine features of Horace De Lacy, who looked at the housekeeper with a glance that caused her to change the impudent expression of her features, as she dropped a curtsy, saying, "Mrs. Dip will feel obliged, Miss Kelly, if you will take the young ladies out now, they are dressed, and the fineness of the day will be passed if you delay any longer."

Horace De Lacy rose to his feet, his noble figure

striking Mrs. Jones with a certain degree of awe, and she drew back. What our hero would have said we know not, for he caught an imploring look from Helen, who replied to the housekeeper,—

“You are quite right, the finest part of the day is gliding away; I will be ready in a moment.” Mrs. Jones did not withdraw, and Helen holding out her hand observed calmly and with a cheerful smile, “I must bid you good bye now, Horace, but you can write and let me know when you intend going to Ireland, and give me your address.”

“I will certainly do so,” returned her cousin, in a vexed tone; and with a look of ill-suppressed scorn at Mrs. Jones, “but I shall see you again before I go, unless this house is converted into a prison; and pressing the little hand he held, he took up his hat and bade her farewell, leaving Mrs. Jones staring after his lofty form with unmitigated surprise, while Helen proceeded to her room without exchanging a word with the housekeeper, and in a few moments after left the house with the two young ladies.

“So that tall man was your lover,” cried Miss Julia, with a pert air and manner, as the governess and her pupils entered St. James’s Park, and proceeded down a secluded walk—

“You should not make such remarks, Julia,” said Helen quietly, “it is not becoming in one so young, and it is quite uncalled for; I must request you will conduct yourself better, or I must seek another situation.”

“Oh dear, I dare say mamma would be quite delighted if you did. I know I should; it is too bad at my age to be kept in leading-strings to a governess, not much older than myself—every one says I can play and sing quite well enough for a young lady; I do not want to be a governess or an actress.”

“Indeed, Julia,” interrupted her sister, in a vexed tone, for she was beginning to feel a real affection for her gentle instructress, “you are saying very ill-natured things to Miss O’Kelly, I know I feel grateful to her for her kindness to me. I owe the little I do know to her patience and attention.”

“We all know you are Miss O’Kelly’s pet, Mary, and you think because she praises your voice, that every one else will do so.”

“I really,” interrupted our heroine, “must insist on this kind of conversation ceasing, or I shall return to the house.”

“Oh, do as you please,” said the elder pupil pertly, “you always select the dullest and most lonely part of the Park to walk in ; I like to see gay people, and not stupid tall trees and shrubs.”

Helen turned without a word, her heart was pained, though she strove to hide it, for it seemed to her that Julia was tutored by some one to speak as she did.

“Who is this fine dressed man, Mary, coming up the walk towards us,” exclaimed Julia. Helen mechanically raised her eyes, and as they fell upon the elaborately dressed individual who was then scarcely twenty paces from them, she turned deadly pale, her limbs felt sinking under her, and she murmured, “Oh Heavens, how unfortunate !”

“Are you ill, Miss O’Kelly,” enquired Mary, with real concern in her voice and manner.

“ Let us cross this walk,” said Helen, summoning all her energy and courage, “ I wish to avoid that gentleman who is coming towards us.”

“ I shall not go out of my way to avoid any gentleman,” retorted Julia, with a toss of her head, “ but I suppose Miss O’Kelly has very good reasons for turning away.”

It was in vain for Helen to turn away, for the next moment the stranger was by her side, and lifting his hat from his head, said in a tone of insulting triumph,

“ So, Miss O’Kelly, we have met again, thanks to Dame Fortune ; I hope absence, which has only increased my devotion, has softened your obduracy, for I am still your most humble admirer.”

“ Your conduct, Sir Edgar Cautsby, is most unmanly and cruel,” said Helen firmly, her eyes sparkling with indignation, “ and I must insist upon not being subject to your insults, or I will call for assistance on the first gentleman that passes.”

A laugh of insolent scorn escaped the lips of the profligate Baronet ; but before another word could be said by him, Mary, pressing Helen's arm, said, " here is Mr. De Lacy."

The poor girl felt almost inclined to faint, so overpowering was the sensation of fear that crept over her, knowing as she did the fiery temper of Horace.

When Mary said " here is Mr. De Lacy," Sir Edgar Cautsby turned quickly round. 'The next moment, Horace De Lacy was at his cousin's side. Instinctively Helen grasped his arm, saying, " Mr. De Lacy, pray see me home, I do not feel well." The words were spoken low, her voice trembled, and she looked exceedingly pale ; but low as the words were, they reached the ears of Sir Edgar, and with a most insulting laugh, he raised his hat from his head, saying, " I wish you good evening' Miss O'Kelly—upon my soul, your choice this time is not a bad one."

" Who is this man" said De Lacy, almost fiercely, " who has dared to use such language."



“For God sake, unless you wish to see me fall at your feet,” entreated Helen, “move on and take me home. Oh, God,” she murmured, “pardon me—but I wish I were dead.”

“Helen, Helen,” uttered Horace, in a deep tone of feeling, “say not those words, I know who he is now ; do you think I doubt your purity of thought or action ; that is Sir Edgar Cautsby, the whole is explained. Courage, Helen, you rest upon one who will defend you against the world.” He led her on, Sir Edgar remaining on the same spot twirling a cane he held, and humming a song. The two girls were so utterly astonished at the scene they had witnessed, that they followed Helen and her cousin in absolute silence.

“Horace, this is terrible,” said our heroine, breaking the silence, as they emerged from the Park into St. James’s Street, and then proceeded along Pall Mall, “who could have dreamed of meeting this heartless man in one of the secluded walks of the Park. I will stir out no more ; but

indeed, indeed Horace you must promise me to, to—” She sighed heavily, knowing what a request she was going to ask of one with his fiery nature.

“ I know what you are going to request of me, my poor Helen ; rest you satisfied, your honour and your fair name shall not be the sport of such a cowardly miscreant as Sir Edgar Cautsby.”

“ But Horace, if you notice this,” said Helen, trembling with agitation, “ you will only bring my name before the public ; he will not be able to insult me again ; I can keep within doors.”

“ That would never do, my fair cousin,” replied Horace cheerfully, “ but do not give way to depression, you shall not be long exposed to such rencontres as to-day ; my presence was not accidental:—but here we are at the entrance into Stratton Street, I shall bid you farewell,” and pressing Helen’s hand, he turned away so suddenly, that she had not time to utter a word, with an overpowering weight of grief at her heart, but with an effort she roused her drooping energies,

and taking her two pupils by the hand, hastened to reach their home, longing for the moment when she could seek the only relief she could enjoy—the solitude of her own chamber.

We will here briefly explain our heroine's acquaintance with the profligate and notorious Sir Edgar Cautsby.

When first Helen commenced giving lessons in drawing and music to Lady Cautsby's two daughters, at Golden Grove, which was scarcely a quarter of a mile from Exeter, the Baronet was at his shooting-lodge in Scotland, where he possessed some property. Lady Cautsby was a most amiable, but rather a weak-minded woman, easily persuaded, but generous and affable, and totally free from pride.

Helen O'Kelly had exquisite taste in water-colour drawing, and besides her great skill and execution on the piano, she possessed an unrivalled voice. Lady Cautsby took a great fancy to her, and her daughters became quite enraptured with her, and wished exceedingly, though

they were past the age for a governess, that Helen would reside with them, especially as their brother intended proceeding into Germany and thence to St. Petersburg, and would be absent from England two years.

Lady Cautsby was quite aware of the dissipated career of her only son. It grieved her to the heart; but the Baronet was at the time twenty-seven years of age, and only laughed at his mother's anxious efforts to reclaim him from a career, alike destructive to his honour and his estates, which were already heavily mortgaged.

Just as Helen was rejoicing at having a happy home offered her, Sir Edgar returned to Golden Grove with a couple of his dissipated companions, and declared he had abandoned his German and Russian tour for a year. Helen's domesticating herself in the house was therefore abandoned, her exquisite beauty would be sure to bring upon her the notice of the Baronet; but, unfortunately, he chanced to see her, and immediately set her down as his victim. Possessed of a very handsome per-

son, he considered himself irresistible, and never for a moment imagined that a young girl like Helen, unprotected and dependent on her own exertions, could for a moment refuse his heartless attention.

It is needless to dwell on the cruel persecution she endured. Baffled in his projects the Baronet became furious and swore he would subdue her cursed obstinacy. "The girl positively," he would say to an intimate friend, "thinks I will in the end marry her; that is the reason she pretends to turn a deaf ear to my offers, but she will tire of that." Helen was resolved to leave Exeter, and as the reader already knows, after receiving the letter she shewed to Mrs. Dip from Lady Cautsby, she departed to undertake the situation of governess at Mrs. Dip's, procured for her by Mrs. Brown.

## CHAPTER VIII.

**HORACE DE LACY**, after leaving Helen O'Kelly, hurried back to St. James's Park as fast as he could. He had seen Helen and the two Misses Dip, an hour before enter St. James's Park, as he was passing across the street, and without any particular purpose, only the pleasure of being near the object of his love, for such she had truly become, he followed them into the Park, keeping along another walk—he thus beheld the meeting with Sir Edgar Cautsby, and could perceive Helen's anxiety and intention of turning out of the way. Surprised, he, unperceived, approached nearer, and soon saw by Helen's manner

that there was something wrong, and at once he advanced and joined her. He was now hastening back with all the impetuosity of his ardent nature, to have an interview with the Baronet if he had not left the Park, and if he had he would soon contrive to find his residence. On reaching St. James's, he traversed the park for some time, but without success. He then proceeded to Hyde Park, it being the fashionable hour for parties to exhibit there on horseback, carriage, or on foot. He had not proceeded a hundred yards, when a very elegant curricule, drawn by a pair of splendid horses approached him, a gentleman driving, with a lady, both young and beautiful, seated beside him. Just as they came abreast of our hero, the gentleman turned his head from the lady with whom he was conversing, and his eyes rested upon Horace De Lacy. With an exclamation of extreme surprise and pleasure, the gentleman drew in his horses, while Horace De Lacy equally delighted, approached the side of the curricule, holding out his hand, which was warmly grasped

by his old and dearly loved friend, Charles Delmore, who at this time had succeeded to the title and estates of his father, Lord Elesmere. "Where on earth, Horace, have you been," exclaimed his Lordship, "but first let me introduce you to Lady Elesmere."

Horace bowed to the very gracious salute of her Ladyship, who said with a most friendly smile and without the slightest formality of manner, "I have heard your name so often Mr. De Lacy, that I really must consider you an old acquaintance dropped from the clouds."

"I could not, your Ladyship," returned Horace, "have dropped in a more fortunate spot."

"I tell you what I must do, Horace," said Lord Elesmere, "for this selfish vehicle will not admit a third. I was driving home, so just walk about for ten minutes, and I will join you, and after half an hour's chat, we will meet her Ladyship at dinner; we are quite alone, so we can have a whole evening to ourselves, for I have such a number of questions to ask."



“Very good,” replied our hero, “I am looking for a gentleman—perhaps you know him—Sir Edgar Cautsby.”

“Yes, by Jove, I know him by name, and that is quite enough. What on earth, Horace, have you to say to him? You two do not pull in the same boat, I vow—you will find him some two or three hundred yards ahead; but you must wait here till I join you; I live close by, in Park Street, so will be back in ten minutes.” With a gracious salute from the beautiful Lady Ellesmere, his Lordship drove on.

“So, Charles, that is your incomparable friend,” observed her Ladyship, “for once, friendship has not exaggerated the portrait of its prototype.”

“No, by Jove, Helen, there is not a finer fellow breathing, and the service has lost one of its best men. What a farce it was to hold a court-martial upon a man who saved the flag of Old England from being dishonoured and who brought fresh glory to the service. But what on earth can he want with that profligate Baronet; that man is

a pest to society. I must make haste and join him, and keep him out of a row."

"My dear Charles," said her Ladyship, laying her fair hand upon her husband's arm, with a half-serious, half-comic smile, "you keep him out of a row, you two who have pulled, as you state it, in the same boat, and where one was the other was sure to be. You must promise me not to have anything to say to that dangerous man, Sir Edgar Cautsby; his very name is a contamination."

"Don't be uneasy, Helen, it is to keep De Lacy from having anything to say to him, that I am anxious; he said he would wait for me, and that is enough; he never breaks his word." So saying, the curricule drew up at the handsome town mansion of Lord Elesmere.

Her Ladyship having alighted, his Lordship drove back, so as to lose no time, and on entering the Park alighted, desiring his servant to keep the horses walking about. He then proceeded and joined De Lacy, who remained, as he had promised, nearly in the same place:

After another hearty shake of the hand, for Lord Elesmere was still every inch a sailor, and loved his profession as ardently as ever: Some months before his father's death, he married the beautiful and accomplished daughter of John Harwood, Esquire, of Ashton Park, to whom he had been attached before he became heir to the lordship of Elesmere.

"Now the very first thing you have to tell me, Horace," said his Lordship, as he took our hero's arm, "is,—What is your business with Sir Edgar Cautsby?"

"You must listen to a brief story, Charles, and then you shall judge: You know, owing to your being actually two years my senior," he added with a smile, "I always considered you my Mentor."

"Deuced pretty Mentor I made," returned his Lordship, with a laugh. "Do you remember your duel with Captain De Le Mer, of the Menagere. By Jove, I shall never forget it. There was a specimen of mentorship; but turn down this walk, and let us have this tale, for if it is at all possible, your

name must not be mixed up with Sir Edgar Cautsby. A woman's name would be blasted by his pestiferous breath."

De Lacy started ; but turning down a side walk, he gave his friend a full and clear account of his meeting with his cousin, Helen O'Kelly. He spoke of her exquisite beauty, her purity and innocence, and cruelly unprotected state ; of her persecution by Sir Edgar Cautsby and her flying from Exeter, and taking the situation of governess with a Mrs. Dip, a city dame. He then related the meeting in St. James's Park, which he had witnessed, and the insulting words used by the Baronet, to which he had made no reply, owing to the half fainting condition of Helen.

Lord Elesmere listened without one word of interruption, and when his friend paused, he thought for a moment, and then looking up into De Lacy's thoughtful expressive features, he said, speaking seriously, " then no doubt, Horace, you intend marrying this beautiful cousin of yours, who, by the by, curious enough bears the same christian name as my good lady."

“Such is the dearest wish of my heart, Charles,” returned our hero, with animation, “provided I can gain her heart.”

“Tut man, is there a maiden in England who would refuse you her heart. But listen to me—I have settled the whole affair—easiest thing in the world. In the first place, as you know nothing of Sir Edgar and made no reply, or took no notice of his words, you must leave him to finish his career in the Fleet, where he will have to take apartments very shortly. The next thing to be done, is to rescue your beautiful Helen out of the clutches of this Mrs. Flip.”

“Dip, Charles.”

“Dip—very good,” continued his Lordship, “to-morrow Lady Ellesmere will drive over to Stratton Street, and bring back Miss O’Kelly with her, thus we shall have the two Helens, a dangerous name, Horace, under one roof. Hold your tongue for a moment,” continued his Lordship, seeing De Lacy about to interrupt him, “I am going in three or four weeks on a diplomatic mission to the Court of Naples. Oh, by Jove, you may stare at me,

Horace, it is a fact, his gracious Majesty has himself expressed a wish that I should accept the office ; so of course I submit. Lady Ellesmere accompanies me ; she is most anxious for a female friend to go with her, and she intends writing to invite a cousin of hers, to join us, but now the difficulty is done away with at once. She will be in raptures with your Helen ; for she is devoted to music and drawing, and this cousin she thought of knows very little of either, and they are not very intimate, so that settles the affair of the two Helens. This evening we will have along yarn about yourself. Now have you anything to say ?”

“ Only ” said Horace, pressing the hand of his friend with deep emotion and gratitude, for his heart was relieved from a deep anxiety, “ that true friendship is not dead in this world.”

“ No, Horace,” returned his Lordship, “ and never will be where friendship is grafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.” The two friends then proceeded to Lord Ellesmere’s mansion.

If Horace De Lacy had thought Lady Ellesmere

very handsome, he found also she was a most fascinating and amiable woman. During the long evening they passed together, uninterrupted by visitors, the whole of Helen O'Kelly's story was told, and her residence with Lady Ellesmere settled and arranged, her Ladyship being delighted at the prospect of having such a companion, so gentle and amiable, and one so near her own age, for Lady Ellesmere was only twenty. "My greatest difficulty," observed Horace, in the course of conversation, "will be, to make her accept the independence I have settled on her. On arriving in London, I waited on the firm of Wright and Bonkins, and on looking into my accounts, I found I had a sum of four thousand, three hundred and eighty two pounds odd. I then employed a solicitor, and had three thousand pounds lodged in Miss Helen O'Kelly's name in the bank of Sir John Perkins and Co., appointing Mr. Edgehill, who is a solicitor of exceeding high character, to pay her the interest half-yearly."

"The age of chivalry is not yet extinct," said

Lady Elesmere in a voice of much emotion, looking at the same time with an expression of admiration into the animated features of De Lacy, "but leave that to me to manage," she added, "we women can sometimes do these things better than our lords and masters."

"And now, Horace," said Lord Elesmere, looking up, after a seeming fit of abstraction, "What do you propose doing with yourself? You have, pardon me for saying so, rashly deprived your country of your valuable services. Still, I am satisfied, if you wish to resume—"

"Nay, Charles," interrupted our hero, "I will not be thought so fickle in judgment, let us therefore for the present leave the subject of self. After a few days, I will give you a hint of what I intend doing. Thanks to your amiable lady, my mind is relieved from a heavy burden of thought, and I feel perfectly satisfied that in Helen O'Kelly your Ladyship will find a most affectionate and fascinating companion, and one who will win her way to your heart."



“And when she has done so,” said Lady Ellesmere, with a gay smile, “you will come Mr. De Lacy, and carry of this treasure.”

“By Jove, Helen,” said his Lordship, “that is the very thing most wished for; but first I must get you some post under government, whilst my interest holds good.”

“Do not be in a hurry, Charles,” said our hero, “I am going over to Ireland to make some enquiries concerning Miss O’Kelly’s father’s family, for there must be some strange cause for his continued silence, even to his death, of all concerning himself.”

“Well,” said Lady Ellesmere, “the same idea struck me when I heard your story, and I think you are perfectly right in endeavoring to discover all you can respecting your cousin. I really long for to-morrow till I see her. It would be a good plan for you, Mr. De Lacy, to write her a note, stating my intention of calling on her and apprise her of our plans and intentions, otherwise it will appear so very sudden—a surprise to her.”

“Who is this Mrs. Flip?” observed Lord Ellesmere.

“Dip, you mean, Charles.”

“Well Dip,” returned his Lordship.

“I made enquiries,” said De Lacy, “of my solicitor. He told me she was one of the seven daughters of a Baronet, of good family, but embarrassed circumstances, and who was glad to get a wealthy soap and tallow merchant for his daughter ;—but it turned out after all, that his supposed large fortune melted like his tallow, and Mrs. Dip, a widow, lives upon an income of some seven or eight hundred a year, but aspires again to mix in the society her sire mingled in.”

After some further conversation interesting to all parties, our hero took his leave, refusing his Lordship's carriage to take him to his hotel, and promising to write a letter and send it the very first thing in the morning to Helen. He also refused to make his Lordship's house, his home, for a few days, till Helen became domesticated and better acquainted with her Ladyship.”

“At all events, Horace,” said his Lordship, “I must have your society to-morrow, so meet me at five o’clock, at —— Club-house; we will dine there, and have a long yarn together.”

To this De Lacy agreed, as the ladies would then have it all to themselves, and get quite intimate.

In the mean time Helen, after gaining the house, retired to her room to find relief in a flood of tears, whilst the the two Misses Dip proceeded to the drawing-room, where their mother and sister were sitting.

“What is the matter,” said Miss Dip, “with the immaculate Miss Helen,” with a sneering tone and a toss of her head—“Mrs. Jones says, she was as pale as a ghost, and looked when she came in as if she could cry. What has happened Julia? eh—”

“Oh, our very sedate governess,” said Julia, with a heartless laugh, “met her two lovers in the Park at the same time, and the tall gentleman that was here this morning, looked as if he could eat

the other, whom our governess called Sir Edgar Cautsby."

"What," exclaimed Mrs. Dip, raising her head and looking horrified, "did she have the boldness to meet gentlemen in the Park, while walking with my daughters: this must be put an end to."

"Indeed, Mamma," said Mary timidly, for she was not exactly the mother's favorite, "Miss O'Kelly, when she saw this Sir Something coming towards her, looked ready to drop, and said, 'Oh, how unfortunate,' and wanted to go another way."

"Stuff and nonsense," interrupted Miss Dip.

"Hold your tongue, let your sister tell us what occurred. Now go on, Julia," said the mother, "for I am determined to get rid of this girl, we have had no peace since she has been in this house, and Mrs. Jones, who is a keen observer of those sort of people, says she is a great piece of deception, and no better than she should be, and that the young man that was here to-day, with such grand airs, was no more her cousin than she was, but a lover; it is really too bad. How people are imposed on, and paying so liberally."

Mrs. Dip coughed, but after having recourse to a strongly scented cambric handkerchief, resumed, "I will speak to Miss O'Kelly to night—she must find some other house to receive her lovers in than mine."

Mary Dip, who was really a kind soft-hearted girl, and who had greatly improved under Helen's tuition and advice, burst into tears and went out of the room. "There is the consequence" said Miss Dip, "of having such a sentimental damsel as Helen O'Kelly as a governess. For my part, I would never take any woman under thirty or thirty-five. Those young girls, who fancy they are beauties, think only of themselves, and neglect their pupils."

Mother and daughter now listened to a most garbled account of the meeting in St James's Park, while Mary Dip ran up stairs and entering the room, found Helen O'Kelly looking pale it is true, but composed, and occupied writing a letter to her cousin, Horace De Lacy. In fact, poor Helen, trembled with anxiety ; for perceiving the

fiery temper of Horace, she dreaded his forcing Sir Edgar Cautsby to a hostile meeting. She was writing to implore him to forego any such intention, which would render her life miserable. She preferred giving up her situation, and proceeding to some of the great commercial towns, and either give lessons in music and drawing, or try for another situation as governess, provided Mrs. Dip was not satisfied at her confining herself to the house while Sir Edgar remained in London; he was sure to stay only a short time.

Poor Helen scarcely knew what she wrote, her mind was so confused and disturbed. Mary went over to Helen, and looking up into her sweet face, so touchingly beautiful from the very sadness of its expression, said, "Oh, Miss O'Kelly, Julia has made mamma so angry about what happened in the Park to-day; that mamma says,"—Mary hesitated.

"You need not be afraid to tell me, dear Mary," said Helen, kissing her pupil's forehead, for she really began to like the young girl; "I am so

accustomed to misfortune, that I can bear evil tidings with more composure than others whom fortune favours."

Mary looked down and said, "Mamma says you are to go away, that she will not have lovers visiting her governesses."

"She would be quite right there, Mary," said Helen, calmly, "for such conduct in a governess would be reprehensible; your mother, however, is quite at liberty to act as she thinks fit. Mr. De Lacy, the gentleman who was here this morning, is the only relative that I possess that I know of in the world, and it would be very hard and cruel indeed, if I refused to see one, who not only risked his life to save me from injury, but is also my first cousin; a tie next to that of a brother." ;

"Oh dear, then you will go, Miss O'Kelly," cried Mary, with tears in her eyes, "and I was getting so happy with you; you took such pains to improve me, who was such a giddy, thoughtless romp,"

"Then never, Mary, fall into the same error

again," said Helen affectionately, "you are now nearly fifteen, and——"

"Pray Miss Kelly," said the harsh voice of Mrs. Jones, "do you intend coming down to dinner, and you, Miss Mary, what are you crying about."

"I do not see, Mrs. Jones," said Mary, with some sharpness in her tone, "that it concerns you whether I please to cry or not."

Mrs. Jones was perfectly astounded; could it be possible that she heard aright. However, Mary left her little time for reflection, for she flounced out of the room and down stairs in a moment.

"Well, upon my word, things *are* come to a pretty pass in this house lately, our young ladies taught impertinence and disrespect to—to—" Mrs. Jones was fairly brought to a stand still for a word, for she intended to say 'superiors;' but that word stuck in her throat, and before she found another, Helen quietly passed by her and descended to the dining-room, where she found the family assembled, and took her accustomed place without either of the ladies addressing her.



The dinner passed off with only a very unmeaning conversation between mother and daughter, and on leaving the table, Mrs. Dip said, "I wish, Miss O'Kelly, to say a few words to you," Helen merely replied, "When you please, Madam, and Mrs. Dip led the way into the dingy back-parlour, and seating herself said, "I regret, Miss O'Kelly, that after what has happened to day in St. James's Park, it will be utterly out of my power to continue you as a governess to my children; such improper conduct——"

"Madam," interrupted Helen, with the flush of indignation on her cheek, and her fine eyes expressing the outraged feelings of her heart, "You are speaking of an occurrence you can know nothing of, and so far from passing censure upon one of your own sex, for not permitting herself to be grossly insulted by a heartless libertine, your feelings as a woman ought to be enlisted on her behalf. But what has been said is sufficient; I will be ready, Madam, to quit your house before to-morrow evening, and with a slight bend of her

graceful head, Helen O'Kelly passed out from the chamber, and retired to her own room, leaving Mrs. Dip speechless from shame and mortification, for she felt for the first time that she had acted in a mean and cruel manner, without a single excuse for her conduct; but led so to act by a jealous, envious disposition. She was vexed to the heart at the contrast exhibited between her daughter and the despised governess, for her most intimate friends were perpetually dinning her ears with praises of Miss O'Kelly's beauty and splendid talents. All the household admired and respected the governess, save the curious Mrs. Jones.

Thomas, the footman, as he was designated by Mrs. Dip, and Kitty, the housemaid, when they heard she was to leave the following day, were inclined to be rebellious, and so annoyed the house-keeper with their remarks and comparisons, that she vowed they should have notice to quit, if they did not hold their tongues.

Thomas stoutly declared that he did not care a farthing when he went, there were plenty of places in London for lads like him ; and Kitty vowed she would rather be Miss O'Kelly's maid, than the Duchess of Kent's ; Mary went to bed crying bitterly. Thus the whole establishment of the Dip's was thrown into a state of considerable commotion.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE following morning early, two letters were left for Miss O'Kelly. One was delivered by the waiter of an hotel, the other, by what Thomas styled a gentleman in plain clothes. The letters were handed to Mrs. Dip, for Helen did not leave her chamber to join the breakfast table, but had a cup of coffee in her room, and was packing her little trunk with a heavy heart. Mrs. Dip looked at one of the letters with great astonishment. It was written on beautifully embossed paper, sealed; but it was the seal that attracted and astonished Mrs. Dip; it bore a coronet and the arms of some noble family.

“This is very extraordinary,” she observed to her daughter, “who can this be from; a lady’s hand, that is very clear.”

“Perhaps” said Miss Dip, with a feeling of ill-nature, “an answer from some person she may have written to for a situation, or some place she saw advertised.”

“My dear, aristocratic families never advertise for governesses. Here, Julia, send those letters to Miss O’Kelly, and request to know at what time she leaves, as I wish to settle her account.”

Kitty the housemaid took Helen her letters, and repeated the message, making her own comments upon it, and which were not much to the credit of Mrs. Dip’s punctuality in settling her accounts.

Helen requested Kitty to say, “that as to the account it required no settling, as her salary of twenty pounds a year——”

“Twenty pounds a year,” repeated Kitty, with a stare of amazement, “Laws-a-mercy! I gets eight pounds, and Mrs. Jones, thirty pounds and perquisites; and you, a young lady, that knows so much. Laws-a-mercy! what a shame.”

“ Well Kitty, such is the case ; so now go and say I shall be ready to leave by two o’clock, for I wrote to Mrs. Brown to get me a lodging, and I expect a note from her every moment.”

When Kitty left the room, Helen took up the letters. With a sad smile, she recognized Horace’s writing, and though the other letter with its fine seal attracted and surprised her, she hastily broke the seal of her cousin’s first and perused the contents. As she read, the colour came to her cheek, and her eyes sparkled with delight, and then the tears came ; and gentle reader, blame not our fair heroine, she pressed the letter to her heart and to her lips, uttering half aloud, “ Noble, generous Horace, what a friend Providence has raised up for me in my time of need,” and bending her head upon her hands, she remained thus several moments, and when she did look up her whole countenance seemed changed, for joy was in her heart, and hope, the enchantress was chasing from her before crushed spirit, the troubled visions of the past night.

She now knew who the other letter was from, for Lady Elesmere, with that delicate attention and high feeling that characterized her, wrote a few lines to Helen herself. Nothing could exceed the kindness those few lines expressed. At one o'clock Lady Elesmere was to come for her, and she for certain reasons declared in her letter, that she would request an interview with Mrs. Dip, as otherwise it might appear strange her taking Miss O'Kelly from her protection: "Protection!" repeated Helen, "how little, dear lady, you suspect the cruel treatment I have received at her hands; but I am glad for my own sake, that this interview will take place, as my conduct yesterday will be justified, and not be left to the tender mercies of Mrs. and Miss Dip."

Precisely at the time appointed, the elegant chariot of Lady Elesmere drove up to No. 5, Stratton Street, and a thundering knock from one of the tall powdered officials behind the carriage, roused all the inmates of Mrs. Dip's mansion, into activity. Thomas, who was occupied polishing

knives, threw them down, seized his livery coat and rushed to the door, and stood astounded, gazing up at the six feet of aristocratic importance. Holding an embossed card between his gloved finger and thumb, the footman said, with evident horror at the soiled hand stretched out to receive it :

“Give this card to your mistress, my lad—and handle it tenderly,” he added in a low voice, with his nose extended in an angle of forty-five.

Thomas looked the colour of his waistcoat, which was scarlet, gave his hand a rub over his nether garments, took the card and ran up-stairs to the drawing-room, where he found Mrs. Dip in a state of surprise and doubt, wondering what could have brought so aristocratic an equipage to her door. She, however, was quite prepared to receive whoever her visitor might be, for she never forgot for a moment that she was the daughter of a baronet, though her husband had been a tallow and soap manufacturer.

Thomas handed the card, already shewing signs



of his delicate fingers. "Heavens, why did you not wash your hands, boy!" Mrs. Dip exclaimed, taking the card.

"I was cleaning of the knives," said Thomas, sulkily—"had no time."

Mrs. Dip read on the card,—“Lady Ellesmere’s compliments, and requests the favor of a few minutes, conversation with Mrs. Dip.”

“Shew her Ladyship up, Thomas,” exclaimed Mrs. Dip, with a very disagreeable sensation pervading her mind, “So after all, this girl,” said the mother to the daughter, meaning Miss O’Kelly, “has been trying for a situation; I will take good care she shall not impose on her Ladyship. I will shew her off.”

Just then Lady Ellesmere entered the room. Her elegant and beautiful figure and face struck Mrs. Dip and her daughter with an evident feeling of surprise and admiration. After an introduction to her daughter, who inherited all the attractions and manners of the tallow manufacturer’s family, Mrs. Dip, anxious to strike the first blow, said,

after her Ladyship had taken a seat on the sofa—  
“I presume, Lady Elesmere, your visit has reference to Miss O’Kelly, my girl’s governess.”

“Such is the case,” returned her Ladyship, purposely waiting to hear what Mrs. Dip would say; for knowing the world much better than Horace De Lacy or her good spouse, she conjectured that the affair in the Park would be turned and twisted, and be perverted by the young ladies who witnessed it.

“Well, Madam.” said Mrs. Dip, “I fear, if you expect to find in Miss O’Kelly a young lady fit to accept any situation your Ladyship might wish to offer her, you will be disappointed. I was forced to dismiss her this——”

“Good God!” exclaimed Lady Elesmere, turning upon the amazed Mrs. Dip, her dark eyes flashing with indignation, “you surely could not have sent from your house this young, beautiful, and most amiable young lady, because she repelled with indignation the insufferable insolence of a bad man, and from whose audacious rudeness she was

rescued by her cousin. Has she left an address ; for I must immediately seek her, dear girl—what she must suffer.”

Mrs. Dip was stupified ; her daughter choking with vexation and envy, fearing that Helen would find a situation of governess with Lady Ellesmere, and that the contemptuous treatment she had received at their hands, would be spoken of in the higher circles, to which her own and her mother’s ambition always aspired to reach.

Mrs. Dip abashed and crest-fallen, nevertheless tried to assume an offended tone, saying, “ You mistake me, madam, Miss O’Kelly is still in the house. I declined her further services, because I do not wish my younger daughters to witness such scenes in public, as occurred yesterday. I knew nothing of Miss O’Kelly previous to her introduction into my family. Still, as your Ladyship seems to know more of her than I do, she may still suit the situation you probably intend to offer her.”

“ You relieve my mind from a great anxiety,

Mrs. Dip," said Lady Elesmere, recovering her easy, graceful manner. "Miss O'Kelly is coming on a visit to me, and accompanies Lord Elesmere and myself to the Continent; and as she will I am sure be very dear to me, I think it necessary to disabuse your mind with respect to her. She is the daughter of an officer in the army, who died abroad; her mother's fortune, which was quite enough for independence, was entirely lost by the failure of the banking establishment of Messrs. Peter Jenkins and Co. Her mother died shortly after, leaving her young and beautiful daughter, without protection, or indeed the means of existence. She would have found a home in the family of Lady Cautsby, had not the persecution of her profligate son, forced her to leave Exeter, and seek a situation in your family. Yesterday, to her surprise and horror, she encountered Sir Edgar Cautsby in St. James's Park; fortunately her cousin, who called here yesterday, saw the whole affair, as did likewise your daughters, and conducted her back to this house. Mr. De Lacy

is the oldest and dearest friend of Lord Ellesmere, and therefore I offer her a home with me, to be my friend and cherished companion, till Mr. De Lacy makes some enquiries concerning her father's family in Ireland, whom I have reason to believe are persons of rank and station. I have given you this explanation, Mrs. Dip, that hereafter when you hear the name of Miss O'Kelly mentioned, you may give the true version of her little history. I came to apologize for depriving you of a most talented young lady; but as you have already intimated to her that she is at liberty, I have only to request you will have the kindness to let her know I wait for her. I wrote her a note this morning, stating I would be here."

To say that Mrs. Dip was mortified would be a poor term for what she really felt. She had committed a great error, out of which no manœuvring could extricate her, and before she could well collect her thoughts to reply, the drawing-room door opened and Helen O'Kelly entered the room, dressed in her best attire, which, though simple,

was elegant, and set off her exquisite figure to great advantage. Lady Elesmere, though prepared to see a lovely girl, was perfectly enraptured with her appearance. As Helen advanced towards her, with her easy graceful manner, her cheeks flushed from excitement, Lady Elesmere rose up, and with a bright smile said, drawing her towards her and kissing her cheek, "I need no introduction to my namesake, Helen; your cousin Horace is too good a portrait painter."

"Your Ladyship is very kind," said Helen, in her musical voice, and trembling with emotion at the kindness shewn her.

Mother and daughter in the meantime were mentally suffering; we call it suffering, for such it must be to persons constituted and possessing the feelings of Mrs. and Miss Dip:

Turning to the former, Lady Elesmere apologized for so long detaining her; she would now wish her good morning, as Helen was quite ready to set out, having taken leave of the two young ladies.

“ I am sorry, Miss O’Kelly,” said Mrs. Dip, rising and ringing the bell, “ that you were not more explicit to me, with respect to yesterday’s untoward affair, I might have avoided wounding your feelings.”

“ Madam,” said Helen calmly, but with a very meaning look, “ when you commenced by calling my conduct shameful, it was quite impossible for me to offer you any other explanation than silently accepting my dismissal.”

Rendered spiteful through vexation, and wishing to wound both Helen’s and Lady Elesmere’s feelings, and getting reckless, Mrs. Dip pulled out her purse, saying in a sneering tone, “ at all events allow me, Miss O’Kelly, to settle the amount due to you for one month and four days tuition to my daughters.”

Lady Elesmere’s fine features betrayed her indignation ; but Helen with perfect calmness said,—  
“ Certainly, I am pleased at having by my exertions earned even that pittance—’tis the triumph of mind over matter ; I shall put it by to remind me

of a most eventful epoch in my life—the cessation of my servitude, and the finding of so noble and generous a lady to release me from bondage.”

Mrs. Dip’s hand trembled with suppressed rage as she placed the money on the table, and Helen quietly placed it in her purse; and then Lady Elesmere and our heroine, with a graceful salute, left the room: Kitty was outside, with Helen’s bonnet and shawl, and Mary Dip standing at the back drawing-room door, her eyes filled with tears. Helen put her arm round her neck and kissed her affectionately, and whispered some kind words of advice, and again bade her farewell.

In a few minutes more they had entered the carriage, the two six feet mounted behind, and then the elegant equipage of Lady Elesmere vanished from the admiring eyes of Thomas and Kitty, whom Helen had handsomely rewarded for their civility to her while there.

The next fortnight was like a dream to Helen, so happy and blessed was the change from servitude to freedom: Lady Elesmere soon learned to



love her as a sister ; and his Lordship declared she was born to become the wife of his friend Horace, who, after a few days had passed over, became a constant visitor, from morning till evening, at Lord Elesmere's mansion. It was soon very apparent that the two cousins would, as time rolled on, exchange that tie of relationship for one nearer and dearer ; though no word of love was spoken, they became aware of the state of each other's hearts : but Horace knowing how limited his means were, and not having yet decided what course to pursue, refrained from declaring his passion for his beautiful and fascinating cousin, who attracted, in the select society that visited at Lord Elesmere's, universal admiration.

It wanted about a fortnight of Lord Elesmere's departure for the Continent, when Horace De Lacy called to bid them all farewell for a week, having made up his mind to take a trip over to Ireland, and satisfy himself with respect to Helen's paternal family. He found Helen alone in the drawing-room, employed at a water-color drawing,

looking so changed in her personal appearance, for the bloom had returned to her cheek, her eyes clear and bright, and as she shook hands with her cousin, and smiling, replied to his salutation, there was an elasticity in her manner so new and charming, that Horace could not forbear whispering some words that increased the colour on the cheek, and made those dangerous eyes even brighter.

“So you see me changed, Horace,” said Helen, with a happy smile, “who have I to thank for that—but indeed, indeed you must not deprive yourself of all your means for me; this must not be—now I know all you have done—”

“Must not be, Helen,” repeated Horace, “do not blight the felicity I experience; I have quite enough for my wants at present, for you must know, cousin, I intend to be rich by and by; besides, I vowed to be your brother. The day will come, please God,” he added, in a low and softened voice, “when I trust I may hope for a reward, one I would prize beyond all others in the

world. So Helen, promise me, to say no more on the subject of money."

Helen's voice trembled as she said, "you shall have your wish, Horace: and believe me," and her eyes full of deep feeling and affection met his, "that your welfare and happiness will be my constant prayer."

"With the knowledge that such will be the case, dear Helen," said Horace, taking her fair hand quietly in his, "I will win fame and honour yet;" and pressing a kiss upon the hand that trembled in his, he added, "and then, Helen, will you let me keep this little hand, it is the only prize I seek, and did not that hope sustain me, the future would be dreary indeed."

"If that hope will sustain and aid you, Horace," returned Helen, a tear stealing down her cheek; her voice faltered, he drew her towards him and kissed away the tear, and thus the compact between two young and loving hearts was sealed.

Lord and Lady Ellesmere were highly pleased at Horace De Lacy's intention of proceeding to

Ireland. They had become so attached to Helen, that any thing tending to her interest excited their warmest sympathies.

Helen, with the natural frankness of her nature, at once informed Lady Elesmere of what had passed between her and Horace : her Ladyship kissed her, and warmly congratulated her.

“Happiness, my sweet friend,” said Lady Elesmere, “does not depend on wealth, though competence is to a certain degree, necessary to comfort. Lord Elesmere has it in his power to secure Horace a most lucrative and honorable post under government, and spoke to him seriously about it yesterday. Mr. De Lacy is quite satisfied, that he must do something, but he delays deciding. He, however, promised to fully make up his mind on returning from this expediton to Ireland, and now I feel satisfied, after what has passed between you, that he will rouse his energies into action. A nobler or finer heart never breathed ; and had he not given way to a certainly just indignation at being brought to a court-martial, he would have

risen, if God had spared him, to rank and eminence in his profession.”

“And yet” observed Helen, thoughtfully, “had not that same court-martial taken place, Horace and I might never had met; neither should I be now under the protection of the kind and noble friends Providence raised up for me.”

“Most true, my sweet friend; such in fact are the inscrutable ways of an all-seeing Providence, that which appears at first a calamity turns out a blessing.”

## CHAPTER X.

It was not quite so easy in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, to reach the Irish Metropolis from London, as now-a-days, when rail and steam leave a traveller no time scarcely for thought, before he is whisked from the mighty Babylon in the morning, and deposited time enough for supper in a hotel in the city of Dublin.

At the period of our story, neither Kingstown or Howth existed as packet stations. Horace De Lacy, however, made his way over very doubtful roads, in the slowest of coaches, though dubbed swift ones then, and reached a place called

Park Gate, from whence a sailing vessel carried mails and passengers to Dublin, landing them at the Pigeon-house, the port where all persons landed visiting the Irish Metropolis.

From the Pigeon-house Fort, (for a battery and a body of troops defended this landing-place) our hero prepared to proceed to Dublin, over two miles and a half of ground, in a vehicle called a Jingle, a sort of conveyance still in existence in remote parts of Ireland, but looked upon with a kind of reverence, as a relic of bygone days.

“And now where shall I be after taking your honour to?” said the driver of the Jingle, who would not have made a bad specimen of a scarecrow, as far as garments were concerned, but, nevertheless, a fine hearty looking youth.

“To one of the best hotels,” returned our hero, “I daresay you know one.”

“Oh, be the powers, let me alone for that your honour; be gor, if I don’t tumble you into the big ditch on one side of our road, or into the black mud of the Liffey, on the other; faix, I’ll put

you into an hotel, fit for the King of Munster, and where you'll sleep on a feather bed as soft and as big as the hill of Howth."

"Very good," observed Horace, smiling, "but as it is rather dark, keep an eye upon the big ditch and the black mud, as neither would be very pleasant to tumble into."

"Now Molly, my darlint," said the driver finishing bridling his nag, who seemed enjoying a sound sleep on three legs, the fourth being in a very doubtful position as to its capabilities, "now Molly, my darlint, shew your paces to his honour, may be he thinks we hav'ent a beast worth a trauneeen in Ould Ireland;" and to Horace De Lacy's surprise certainly, off went the Jingle at a first-rate pace. Paddy turning round, with a most satisfied grin, and touching his rimless hat, said, "she is a beauty to go, your honour, not the likes of her from here to Banagher—barring she shies a bit."

This last quality she shewed to advantage, for the next moment she sprang on one side, giving our hero a very distinct view of the black mud of



the Liffey, for at that period the road was without wall in many places, and on one side ran the Liffey, and on the other the sea. When the tide is out, a vast extent of mud remains beneath the road, which is some fifteen or twenty feet above it. They had just come to the end of the sea road, and were about to turn the corner leading into the even now miserable village of Ringsend, inhabited entirely by a fishing and seafaring population, when a violent uproar, wild shouts, and cries and yells of all kinds, saluted the traveller's ears.

“What can be the matter, my man,” demanded De Lacy.

“Faix, a bit of a row your honour; maybe the press-gang be out, they are here often.”

The next moment they encountered a furious crowd armed with every kind of implement; numbers of women adding not only their screams to the din, but fairly dealing fierce blows with handles of mops, sweeping-brushes and fire-irons. A press-gang of some fourteen or fifteen men, were dragging off to their boats half-a-dozen men

in the garb of sailors, who resisted fiercely. The press were using the flats of their cutlasses, and a young officer was shouting to the mob to fall back, or his men would use their cutlasses and pistols in earnest, when the shock of the battle came full against the jingle.

Now Horace De Lacy, though as zealous an officer for the honour of the service as any one living, detested the system of the press-gang, considering it one of the greatest outrages that ever was perpetrated against the human race, by a civilized government. The jingle was nearly overturned by the press of the crowd, for the steps to the Ringsend creek were close by, and the tide flowing. Horace, dusk as it was, saw a powerful young fellow in jacket and white trowsers, making a desperate resistance against three of the press: with a blow he felled one, and then exclaimed in a loud voice, "I am willing to serve his Majesty, and have, but I wont be lugged along like a dog." Horace recognized the voice in a moment—the man was James Kelly. The next

instant, he sprang (to the amazement of the driver, who was doing his best to restrain his horse,) out of the vehicle, dashed through the crowd, and catching one of the men, who clung with determined obstinacy to James Kelly, he tore him away from his grasp. The other man was striking Jim with the flat of his cutlass over the head; this man Horace tripped up, and a wild shout and rush of the crowd drove the press-gang back towards the steps, with only two captives. De Lacy lifted James Kelly up, for one of the blows of the cutlass was struck with the edge, and had cut him severely in the head, but Horace dragged him through the shouting and cheering crowd, and got the amazed sailor to the jingle.

“I fear you are much hurt, Jim.”

“No your Honour; but I’m dumb-founded and stupified—who’d have dreamt of seeing you, Sir,” he continued, wiping the blood from his face—“sure your Honour knows I glory in serving his Majesty, and I have done my best.”

“Never mind now, Jim, jump in here, you are

the very man I want, if you are not bound anywhere in this neighbourhood."

"Be gorra, your Honour," said the driver, slamming the door and jumping up into his seat, "let us get out of this, they are coming up again with more men from the boats. Hallo boys, clear the way," he shouted, whipping on his nag. The crowd gave way with a hearty cheer, and away they went through the village of Ringsend, over the bridge, and on towards Dublin, at a canter.

"The Lord be praised I see you once more, Sir," said James Kelly, "sure it's wonderful entirely seeing you here, and just in time to save me from being pressed, not but I'm quite willing to sarve again when I see my ould father, who is dying I fear."

"I trust he is not at that place we left," said Horace, "for it will be dangerous for you to go back."

"No, Sir, he is not; I was only two hours landed from a brig I sailed from Plymouth in, and was going into Dublin to-morrow to look for a

craft to Waterford, when the press-gang broke into a public-house where I was stopping with a couple of comrades, and as I did not want to go aboard a King's ship again so soon if I could help it, I raised an alarm in the village, had not your Honour came to my help; I should, after that last blow I got, have been hauled into the boat. God bless you, Sir, you were always my friend."

"Faith," said the driver, who was listening, "his Honour must be an Irishman, long life to him, and more power to him—though faix he must be a green customer as meddles with him, and escapes broken bones—here we are in the City, your Honour, may be you would just like to stop first at a quiet place for this fine fellow to set himself to rights, seeing he is cut, and marked with blood."

"That will be a very good plan," replied our hero, "did you leave anything behind at Rings-end, Jim?"

"Faith I did, Sir, a bundle of clothes and a bag of traps."

"Sure if ye'll tell me the name of the Public,"

said the driver, "myself will bring them to you in the morning: You may trust me; my name is Patrick O'Keelly, and a fine name it is too, though be gor, all my property is on my back, and it's easy to carry that."

"You shall be well rewarded, my lad," answered Horace, "now set us down at a respectable house; for to night it matters very little, so that the place is clean."

Passing along Baggot Street, Patrick O'Keelly drove into Stephen's Green, and then down a side street, and stopped before the door of a respectable hotel, kept, as the signboard stated, by the Widow Malony.

De Lacy was at once established in a neat well-furnished sitting-room: and James Kelly, whose disordered garments and canvass trowsers marked with blood created some surprise, provided with a place in the kitchen; and a piece of sticking-plaster for the cut on his head, being all it required.

Patrick O'Keelly was handsomely rewarded and

delighted with his good luck, promised to be back in the morning with James Kelly's bundle and bag, for being well known in Ringsend, they would give him the things without fear.

The next morning James Kelly received his bundles quite safe, and Patrick was paid well for his trouble, and by the time Horace was up and ready for breakfast, James was as smart and well-dressed, and as fresh as if his rencontre with the press-gang had never taken place.

He was at this period about five and twenty, and as smart a looking man-of-war's man, as ever trod the deck of a frigate.

"I see you are nothing the worse, James," said De Lacy, quite rejoiced to see his old favorite, whom he had been forced to leave behind him in the West Indies.

"Faix, Sir, we had many a hard knock in the old "Hermione," without heeding it. I hope, your Honour, now it has pleased God I have found you again, that you will let me follow you, if it's to the end of the world."

“Most willingly, Jim,” returned De Lacy, “not that I know exactly what I intend doing with myself, but we wont part again in a hurry; you went off in the “Scorpion,” at the time I expected to leave for England, otherwise I wished to have taken you with me. I sailed so suddenly, I could not send for you. Did you hear what became of the other officers of the Hermione, or whether any of them were saved?”

“Yes, Sir, the villains got tired of murdering, they spared the midshipman, the gunner, carpenter and cook, and that’s all.”

“What ship did you return to England in, James?”

“In the Regulus, your Honour. She was paid off in Plymouth. I would have shipped again, but I wanted to hear something about your Honour; and then I heard of the court-martial, and how after your taking the fine French fifty-gun ship, with a little frigate of thirty-two, when your cowardly captain wanted to run away, and that your Honour quitted the service, I was tempted to



swear I'd never sarve in a King's ship again. I then got a letter from home, and heard my father was very ill, so I shipped in a brig as was bound for Dublin; but after all I would have been pressed, but for your Honour's assistance."

"Well, James, everything is for the best depend on it, as God wills it. I am now going to your part of the world, so we will set out together. You remember you said your father was once game-keeper to a gentleman of the name of O'Kelly; was this O'Kelly one of the O'Kelly's of Crokane?"

"Sure that's the name, your Honour, of the family mansion. It was once a great place in the time of Cromwell, bad cess to him, he destroyed ould Ireland."

"Well, James," interrupted De Lacy, "never mind old Noll at present; let me hear all you remember about the O'Kelly's of "Crokane."

"I will, Sir. He was a terrible man, the O'Kelly of Crokane; and I dare say, if he is alive now, though they say the last time I heard about

him, that he was mad at times, yet faix I be bound, he has some of the fierce blood about him still. Myself only remembered him about thirteen or fourteen years ago—but then I used to hear my old father talk a great deal about him. He used to say it was a crying shame that the fine old property should go to the wrong heir; that made me very curious, but as I went to sea, and didn't come back till I was seventeen, I forgot all about it. But when I came back, the O'Kelly they said was insane, and his wife, who was before that his housekeeper, would not let any one see him, except herself and her son. She, your Honour, was his second wife, his son was about a couple of years older than myself, he was then a terrible wild fierce young man, desperately fond of hunting and shooting, killing the farmer's dogs, beating their sons, and abusing their daughters. Be gor, he was as much feared then, though only nineteen or twenty, as ould Noll was long ago. One evening I heard my father say, shaking his head, 'that spawn of the ould tigress, meaning Mrs. O'Kelly,

maint get the estates after all.' So I asked my father why he said that. 'Because,' said he, 'the O'Kelly had another wife, and he broke her heart because she was a Protestant, and her only son also was a Protestant, and the terrible old man in a furious rage, cursed his only son, because he would not turn back to the creed of his forefathers. He finally drove him from his house quite a youth, and disinherited him; for the O'Kelly said he could make a will and leave the property to whom he pleased. At this time he married his house-keeper, but not till after the birth of his son, and he has now,' continued my father, 'made a will and left all to this son. But, I know more about that,' said my father, looking very serious, and shaking his head. 'And what became of the son, father,' said I, 'that the old man disinherited.'" " 'We heard,' said he, 'that he went into the army and was killed, or died in the West Indies. This is all, your Honour, I remember, for I shipped in a vessel from Waterford for Plymouth, and soon after entered a man of war, and there I continued till I joined the Hermione."

De Lacy listened to this somewhat rambling account of Jim Kelly, with intense interest. Here then, thought he, is the cause of Helen's father's silence concerning his family. The O'Kelly of Crokane is no doubt Helen's grandfather. Might not the old man, in his intervals of reason, be induced to acknowledge his grandchild, the child of his eldest and legitimate son. The knowledge thus gained, would give her a position in society, if nothing else, and yet after all, his madness might only be a pretence to preserve the inheritance to his illegitimate son.

De Lacy therefore at once resolved to ascertain the truth of his madness if he could; at all events he determined to obtain an interview with this amiable lady James's father styled the tigress of Crokane.

"I must have some chat with your father, James, for I trust you will find him better. He will be surprised when I tell him that Mr. O'Kelly's eldest son died of the yellow fever in Jamaica, but that he left a wife behind him, and that wife was my aunt."

“Tare and nouns, Sir,” said Jim, with a look of amazement, is that possible! Did he lave any children, Sir?”

“One daughter, and she is now in England with powerful protectors. So now you may give a guess at my object in going to Waterford; you will guide me to Crokane.”

“Be gorra, it is a wonderful world, your Honour,” said James, “faix, maybe the right heir might get the property yet. Who knows whether the second son will be able to hold the estates; he must be five or six and twenty, now.”

“It’s no use guessing, James, we shall soon learn all that is to be learned when we get there. How far is Crokane from Waterford?”

“You can go down the river Suir from Waterford, your Honour, in a boat as far as Duncannon Fort, in three hours, with the tide; from Duncannon it will take four hours to walk to the village of Kilmain,\* where my father lives, and I was

\* For certain reasons, the names of Killmain and Killbey, are fictitious.

born. Crokane is then distant about two miles, on the wildest part of that stormy sea coast."

"Well," observed our hero, "now I know our road and what's before us: the sooner we set out the better."

Directed by the waiter, Horace then sallied forth in search of the Waterford coach-office.

If stage-coaches were in their childhood in England, they were fairly in their infancy in Ireland. The coach to Waterford professed to perform the journey to that city in two days—stopping at Carlow for the night.

Ireland was at this period, as it usually is, in a disturbed state. The remote country parts were ill-cultivated, and the people ill-fed and badly paid for their labour. The peasantry in many places a wild, lawless and intractable race, formed into factions and parties, the country gentry still retaining over their lawless tenantry a kind of feudal bond, themselves leading a wild, sporting, rollicking life, paying little regard to the laws, which they mostly administered themselves, but rarely to their

own prejudice. It is true there were many exceptions, but—; but on the remote sea-coast, and in the far West, as Kerry and Galway might be styled, life was considered of extremely little value. Gentlemen sat down to dinner and to drink afterwards, till they found the floor the most convenient place to repose on, to get up in the morning to recollect that they had to fight a couple of duels before breakfast, and to ride a fox-hunt of some thirty miles before dinner; and to keep this life up, as long as the means and the power was left them.

The consequences of following this kind of life, was mortgage upon mortgage, for there was always obliging attorneys, who found money as long as a dirty acre was unshackled. On went the noble owners through their estates as fast as their hunters went over their stubble, till at last, ruin and expatriation came, and thus has gone the game with poor Ould Ireland, till the old stock has nearly vanished off the land of their forefathers. Then still existed the cruel iniquitous laws against

Catholics, tempting children to forfeit honour and their faith, to possess wealth they had no title to; but thank God, there were but few examples of that kind during the period these cruel laws existed. An elder brother being a Catholic, could be deprived of his estates by the younger turning Protestant, and though at the period of our story those laws were never carried into effect, and were shortly after repealed, yet their having existed, rankled sorely in the hearts of the Catholic gentry, and in the always abused priest.



## CHAPTER XI.

ON the East Coast of Ireland, about twelve miles from what is now called the Hook Point, and which has a noble light-house standing on its extremity, stood in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, Crokane Castle, as it was styled. It was built on a slight eminence, with a tidal creek rising to within fifty yards of the lawn, or rather park, and about half a mile from the sea itself. The castle commanded a wide extending view to the Saltee Islands, and the stormy sea beyond the Hook Point, then away to the wide and noble entrance into the Suir, and thence to Waterford. The house, for though called a

castle, never had any resemblance to one, had been built by one of the sept of the O'Kelly's, a descendant of the great O'Kelly, who fought the terrible fight with Sir William De Burgh, in 1418. In this fierce contest, five hundred of the O'Kellys fell in battle.

The mansion which had been erected in the reign of Elizabeth, possessed all the peculiarities of that period. Though only defended by a very broad and deep moat, it was a strong place, and had been greatly strengthened before Cromwell's time, and resisted a three days assault from that bombarding conqueror, who succeeded at last in destroying a great part of the building, the remainder being saved from destruction, by a timely surrender of the O'Kelly, then holding it. Time rolled on, and we come to Terence Murrough O'Kelly, the grandfather of Helen, who on coming into possession of the estates—formerly very great, found himself reduced to an income of about seven or eight thousand a year, a large property for an Irish gentleman.

Terence O'Kelly was a man of almost gigantic proportions, and as fierce and ferocious in temper as he was huge in person. He married a daughter of Sir Phelim Mc' Dermot, a gentleman of an old Catholic family, but whose estates were squandered in reckless extravagance. Miss Mc' Dermot married greatly against her consent. She was at heart a Protestant, but of a timid, yielding and weak nature. She not only concealed her faith, but was tempted into a marriage with the bigoted and fierce Terence O'Kelly.

Her father died shortly after, and thus she remained unprotected, exposed to the brutal passions and cruel conduct of her fierce husband, who was only two and twenty when he married her.

She bore him one son and one daughter: the latter was carried off by small-pox, the scourge of Ireland at that period. Secretly, as he grew in years, did Mrs. O'Kelly instil into the mind of her darling son the tenets of her own religion, and so well succeeded, that at the age of eighteen, young Terence O'Kelly, a handsome fine youth, boldly

avowed his faith to the priest, who had suspected his true allegiance to the faith of his ancestors. Terrible were the consequences of this avowal, especially to his poor devoted mother. The rage and fury of O'Kelly, when he at length found out mother and son were heretics, was beyond description. Let his religion be as it may, his own moral conduct was vile to a degree, his infidelity to his wife notorious. At this period he introduced into his house a female, nearly as gigantic as himself, and of a temper even more intolerant than his own. She was remarkably handsome, and superior in education to the class she sprang from. Margaret Burke was installed housekeeper in Crokane Castle. One year after, Mrs. O'Kelly died of a broken heart, and a year after this, young O'Kelly was driven with curses by his terrible father from his home, for refusing to renounce the Protestant faith. Thus disinherited and left to his own exertions, young Terence left his country, vowing in his heart never till the last hours of his life to mention his country or his kindred. Through the friendship of a college

friend, high in rank, he obtained an Ensigny in the twenty-third regiment. His fate after that event is already known to the reader. As soon as he had driven his son from home, The O'Kelly shamelessly established Margaret Burke mistress of his establishment. She bore him a child, another son, and then from caprice, he married her, made a will, and constituted his child by her the heir to all his property. Never making a single enquiry after his eldest son, whom he had so cruelly and unjustly banished.

As time passed, Mrs. O'Kelly acquired a singular mastery over her lord and previous master; whilst as he advanced to manhood, the son of Margaret Burke became a vicious, depraved, turbulent man, member of a Secret Society to overturn the government in Ireland, and put all the Protestants to death. The father, encouraged to drink by his wife, became subject to fits of furious insanity, and finally, about six months before the visit of De Lacy to Ireland, had been confined to an apartment next to his wife's, where no one

was allowed to see him but herself, a woman devoted to her and her son, giving it out that he was imbecile. The O'Kelly was at this period seventy years old, and Mrs. O'Kelly about fifty-five.

It might have been supposed the intended heir of Crokane, Murrough O'Kelly, for so he was styled, led a life of roistering gaiety, and kept the old mansion full of company and life; but such was far from being the case. It was not because he had the bar sinister attached to his name, that the neighbouring gentry kept from forming an acquaintance with him; that would have been overlooked, as he was considered the heir of the property. But the fact was, Murrough O'Kelly was feared and shunned: he was known to be a most dangerous man, and the chief of a powerful and dangerous faction, upon which the government kept a vigilant watch. Added to this, his violence of temper exceeded that of his father. Gloomy and superstitious like his mother. The only person who appeared to have any controul over him, was

his mother's confessor, Father O'Mara, a jesuit, and a man of a powerful mind. Murrough was also of so quarrelsome a disposition, that if he did join a party in the chase or shooting, or coursing, for he was passionately fond of field sports, he quarrelled with some one, and forced him to fight a duel the next morning; and as he was a dead shot, to fight with him was sure to end in injury to his antagonist. He kept the best horses and dogs in the country, and his immense mansion, if it was not filled with gentry, was at all events, filled with followers and dependants, for he was generous in the use of his money.

Such was Murrough O'Kelly in character. As to his personal appearance, he stood six feet, was inclined to be robust, and had it not been for the generally gloomy character of his features, which never relaxed except when in the field, he would have been accounted handsome, but his manners were coarse and abrupt.

To a suite of apartments in the gloomy mansion before described, and towards the end of October,

we must now conduct our readers. The first chamber, large and lofty, the inner one, with two windows facing the East, looked out upon the sea, and over the Saltee Islands, but those windows were strongly barred, and added to the gloom around. The furniture consisted of a large antique bed, with heavy crimson curtains, and canopied top. Chairs, tables, and a shelf or two containing numerous bottles or phials of medicines. In the immense fire-place, the chimney-piece of which was of beautiful white marble, blazed a log fire. Before this fire, was an immense easy chair, and in this, reclined Terence Murrough O'Kelly. We have said he was in his seventieth year, though when gazing into his remarkable features, and immense high furrowed forehead, contracted into deep wrinkles, he looked older. Yet, strange to say, his hair was still merely grizzled, and he was not even bald; but the sunken cheek, the hollow eyes, and the deep over-hanging brow, spoke of more years even than threescore and ten, allotted to man by the Psalmist. He sat reclining in the



chair, his head resting against the high back, his eyes closed but not in slumber, and his still colossal limbs stretched out towards the blazing logs. There was a table beside him, and on it were placed glasses and two wine decanters. When the clock over the mantel-piece struck nine, the old man started up, gazed around and muttered—

“ Ah, her hour,—oh,” he added, “ if I had but stronger use of these limbs, and they are getting better,” and he looked down at them savagely, “ I would strangle her ;” and he stretched out his still powerful hand, closing and opening it with a convulsive motion.

As he uttered these words half aloud, there was a noise heard at the door. The next moment it opened, and a woman, remarkable for her height and appearance altogether, entered the room. The old man closed his eyes, and breathed heavily, as if asleep.

Mrs. O’Kelly approached the table, looked at the decanters, which were nearly empty, and then walked to the front of the chair, and gazed with a

strange look on her once fine features, though far from pleasing in their expression, upon her, as she supposed, sleeping husband.

She was habited in black, her head was without cap or ornament of any sort, and her hair, which was abundant, was jet black, neither was there a wrinkle, except at the corners of the eyes, to be seen on her face. Her figure was still upright and stately, her bust full, and her chest of great breadth. After gazing at her husband for the space of five minutes in perfect silence, during which he never stirred, she moved over to the table, and taking a small phial from her pocket, which contained a dark fluid, she counted out eighty drops into an empty wine glass, and then with a careful enquiring look all round the room, she retired through the door, closing it after her. The apartment she entered was her own sleeping chamber, furnished equally simple as the other, only at one end was a very curious antique cabinet, and on a table covered with a black cloth, was a beautifully executed statue of the Virgin Mary in silver, a large crucifix

leaning against the wall, and a rosary of beads. There was a wood fire in the room, a table and easy chair before it, a silver lamp with two burners, and a large open book of prayers.

Mrs. O'Kelly sat down seemingly in an abstracted state of mind; but in a few minutes she rose, and opening a cupboard, took out a silver saucepan, poured into it some port wine from a decanter, some spices from a box, and then put it by the fire to simmer, placing a goblet on the table to receive it when ready.

She then took from her pocket a bunch of keys, selected a very singular and antique one, and proceeding to the cabinet, unlocked its front, and opening a large drawer, held the light so as to reveal the contents, consisting of only a large fold of parchment tied together with red tape. On this parchment was written the words—

“The last Will of Terence Murrrough O'Kelly.”

Then followed the day of the month, the year, &c.

Having regarded this document with a fixed look for a few minutes, she closed the drawer, locked the cabinet, and then with a satisfied look, she sat down and stirred the mixture at the fire: As she did so, there was a knock at the chamber door.

“Come in,” said Mrs. O’Kelly. The door opened, and her son entered the room. He had been out shooting all day, and had only changed his boots for slippers, and was looking gloomy and thoughtful as taking a chair, he sat down, saying,

“How is the old man—is he able to move from his chair?”

“No,” returned Mrs. O’Kelly, “he is not; his limbs seem paralyzed, he has not been out of his chair these eight nights, his mind wanders more than ever. I give him nightly eighty drops of laudanum, and that keeps him quiet and sleeping during the night, but he cannot last long. He eats nothing, but drinks two decanters of wine daily.”

“Has Father O’Mara been here to day,” demanded the son.

“He has, and was extremely anxious for the money you are to raise upon the lands of Killteague; it is required immediately, he says, or the good cause will suffer.”

“But,” said the son, “how is it to be procured. Without my father’s signature to the deed, we cannot raise the money. I am not master of the estates yet, and worst of all he must sign the deed before two witnesses, and they must see he is in his proper senses, or that rascally attorney will not advance the money.”

“He may outlive the winter,” observed Mrs. O’Kelly thoughtfully, “though I don’t think he will, and the delay of four or five months may do a great deal of injury to our cause.”

“Ruin it altogether,” exclaimed the son, “the accession of George the Third to the throne, has had great influence over the minds of the people; men before staunch, are wavering, and say the cause of the Stuarts is crushed for ever, and that Protestant ascendancy is all powerful.”

Mrs. O’Kelly groaned, “will the day never

come," she exclaimed vehemently, "when the heretic and the Sassanach will be rooted out of this land, and the faith of our fathers triumph."

"Not till the throat of every Protestant in the land is cut," said the son, savagely.

There was a transient pause, and then Murrough O'Kelly said, "I forgot to tell you, this morning, that I received a letter from the agent I employed in London, and I find that Terence O'Kelly was not killed, but died in Jamaica of yellow fever."

"It is equally indifferent," remarked Mrs. O'Kelly, "whether he was killed or died, the fact of his being dead is sufficient."

"As far as he is concerned it is," answered the son, "but when he died, he left a widow and a daughter; he married it appears a Miss De Lacy."

Mrs. O'Kelly started and changed colour, saying, "and where are they? if you can depend on this intelligence."

"There is no doubt of the truth of the intelligence," the son said, "but as to where they are, my agent has yet to find out."

“Excepting those lands of Killteague,” remarked Mrs. O’Kelly, “all the rest of the estate is secured to you by the will. That cunning attorney who has your father’s papers, discovered that your father had no right to will away Killteague ; now if it becomes known that there is a descendant of Terence O’Kelly in existence, it will be impossible to raise the money on those lands, for Terence O’Kelly, though he never knew it, inherited them in right of his mother, who became possessed of them after her marriage.”

“As they know or knew nothing about this property, and so many years have elapsed,” replied Murrough O’Kelly, “without any kind of enquiry being made, it is not very likely any enquiry will be made now. Provided Mc’ Manus gets his five hundred pounds, he will hold his tongue, and the Dublin attorney will get the eight thousand pounds the moment the Killteague lands are conveyed over to the lender by deed ; but as I said before, the deed must be signed by my father before two respectable witnesses, as also by myself, and a copy of the will made.”

Mrs. O'Kelly looked very troubled. "These difficulties," she said, after a pause, "I see no way of overcoming. Even had your father's mind remained sound, and his intellect as clear as it was six months ago, we could never have prevailed upon him to sign the deed; you knew how frantic and furious his temper was, and how incensed he became against both you and me, that if left one moment to himself, and he had the power to move his limbs, he would as he fiercely swore he would, destroy his will and make a fresh one, and leave the whole of the estate to the right heirs."

While the mother and son were thus conversing, The O'Kelly in the next chamber was wide awake and muttering sundry threats and imprecations against his wife and her son, and vowing that his day of vengeance for the treatment he received, would surely come.

As soon as the door closed upon Mrs. O'Kelly, he took a small phial half full of laudanum from his pocket, and carefully added the drops Mrs. O'Kelly had left in the glass, putting the bottle



back into his pocket. He then made an effort to stand and succeeded, muttering, "I'm coming round, in a couple of days I shall do." The old man then helped himself to wine, and finally having finished what was left in the decanter, leaned back in his chair, and shortly after fell asleep. Whether he was in full possession of his senses, or only partially so, we cannot say; but if he was mad, there was method in his madness. The fact was, as The O'Kelly grew in years, the violent passions of his youth and manhood began to tell upon his excitable brain, aggravated by excessive drinking, till in the end he became subject to fits of furious insanity, committing such strange acts, that the mother and son resolved to confine him; but these fits at first were of short duration; nevertheless, after they passed off, they still kept him closely confined to his chamber, which rendered him frantic with rage, and induced in his mind a violent hatred to his wife and son, and a determination on his part to get at the will if he could, and destroy it.

In his intervals of reason, he began to review in his own thoughts his conduct to his firstborn child, and a strong desire took possession of his mind, to learn something of his unfortunate disinherited heir. They had told him he was dead, but he did not believe it. An idea gained ground with him, that his son lived, and he resolved to destroy his will, and thus that son if he lived, or if he had married, his heirs would succeed to the property. An attack of paralysis deprived him of the use of his limbs, and rendered him powerless, his mind wandering greatly, but yet free from the violent paroxysms he had previously experienced. It was during the continuance of this attack, that he planned in his own mind to deceive his wife and son, and lead them to imagine he was quite imbecile, until he regained in some measure the use of his limbs. Mrs. O'Kelly was in the habit of giving him frequent doses of laudanum. He then conceived the idea of securing a certain quantity of this poison, by pouring what she left for him into a phial, though his wandering imagination

had not quite decided what use he would make of it. His first intention was certainly to poison his wife. Sometimes she left the door open between the chambers till the woman that helped to take care of the old man had settled him for the night, for latterly he could not leave his easy chair before the fire.

The night after the one we introduced our readers into the mansion of Crokane, Mrs. O'Kelly at nine o'clock went through precisely the same ceremony as on the preceding evening, with this difference, that The O'Kelly opened his eyes, looked at her, and to keep up the deception of his being still imbecile, he talked some incoherent nonsense, and laughed in her face.

Mrs. O'Kelly when she left the room, did not close the door. She however mixed her nightly portion of port wine and spice, left it at the fire, and taking a small lamp in her hand, left her chamber, locking the door after her. Meanwhile her husband was listening with intense eagerness to every sound, and no sooner heard her leave the

chamber and lock the door, than he rose from his chair with considerable firmness, and with a low chuckling laugh of derision and satisfaction. It was very evident, by the low mutterings of his voice and the strange words he said, speaking in his native tongue, which most country gentlemen could speak at that period, that his mind was wandering even then. He put his hand to his head several times, as if from a feeling of oppression on the brain, and looked wildly about him. Still after a moment he moved on slowly, and passing through the door, entered the other room. The lamp was burning on the table, and the silver saucepan with its contents simmering by the fire. Towards this he at once advanced, and lifting it up, took the phial of laudanum from his pocket, and with a low chuckle of satisfaction, muttered, "Curse you, you shall have it all back," and poured the entire contents of the phial into the saucepan.

Having performed this operation, he listened a moment and then returned to his own chamber,

and sunk back exhausted in his chair. With a handkerchief he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and then finished his wine, leaning back and closing his eyes. Presently he heard the door of the outward chamber open, and Mrs. O'Kelly enter the room and then lock her door, saying to some person outside first, "he will not require anything more to night, Jane; he's very quiet, but his mind wanders more than the two preceding nights."

There were several sounds proceeding from Mrs. O'Kelly's chamber during the next half hour; a locking and unlocking of drawers, the jingling of a glass, and then gradually the sounds of a person breathing exceedingly heavy. The half crazy occupant of the next room listened with intense eagerness to the heavy breathing. Whether he intended to kill his spouse, or merely throw her into a heavy slumber is unknown; but after he had listened for nearly half an hour, and the breathing still continued, he rose up and took his lamp in his hand, and staggered on towards the

door, for he felt his limbs tremble under him with weakness; and he looked red and inflamed in the face. Entering the other room, he perceived the lamp was still burning, and reclining back in the chair was Mrs. O'Kelly breathing fearfully heavily, and with a strange noise proceeding from her throat. The old man approached, and when close beside the chair, threw the light of his lamp full upon her features.

There reigned a profound silence through that wing of the mansion, and could any one have gazed in upon the scene within that chamber, they would have been overwhelmed with awe.

The colossal form of The O'Kelly arrayed in a long white dressing-gown, which added in appearance to his great height, and contrasted with his flushed and over-excited features, his dark brows contracted into a savage and exulting scowl, as he gazed upon his wife, whose features were somewhat distorted. She looked exceedingly pale, and her sleep, though heavy, appeared disturbed. One arm was leaning over the arm of the chair, and the fingers tightly closed, held a bunch of keys.

To these the old man's eyes became attracted, and with an exclamation, he laid down his lamp, and seizing the hand, with a considerable effort he extricated the keys, and instantly proceeded to the cabinet before-mentioned, selected the key, and opening it with a fierce passionate eagerness that caused his hands to tremble fearfully, and his huge limbs almost to fail him, he drew open the drawer and gazing into it, with a savage laugh of frantic joy, seized his own will with a grasp of iron. As he clutched it in his hands, there was a quick knock at the door, and a voice immediately called out, "Mother, if you are not in bed, pray open the door, I have terrible news."

"Ah, curse you," muttered the old man, as he staggered to the fire, and tore open furiously the will, all the time gestulating like a maniac. The knocking at the door redoubled, and then The O'Kelly thrust the will into the fire, and heaped the dry wood upon it, till it sprung up into a bright flame. "What is the matter, Mother?" exclaimed the younger O'Kelly, "if you do not

answer, I must break in the door ; I have just heard that poor Father O'Mara has been found murdered on the road." A wild triumphant shout broke from The O'Kelly's lips, as he heard those words, stamping upon and kicking into the flames the nearly consumed parchment, which had by this time become a black mass of ashes.

"Ha ! villain, cursed spawn of a vile fiend ! Come in, and behold yourself a beggar !" With a loud crash, the door was burst in, and the excited Murrough O'Kelly rushed wildly into the room, and there stood stupified. He beheld his mad father hurling the flaming pieces of wood about the room, the hangings of the bed already in flames, and his mother lying back as if dead, in the great arm chair. He was paralyzed, incapable of exertion, when his maniac father seizing the poker, with a fierce shout made a rush at his son, aiming a terrible blow at his head. The blow was avoided : and with a heart-rending and appalling cry, The O'Kelly fell prostrate on his face, and lay a corpse upon the floor.



## CHAPTER XII.

It was somewhat late in the day, when Horace De Lacy, and his attendant James Kelly, reached Duncannon Fort; the journey from Dublin to Waterford having occupied some few hours more than was expected. But as the tide served for descending the river, and our hero having little time to spare, wishing to return to England before the departure of Lord Elesmere for Naples, it mattered very little to him or his attendant James, whether they had to traverse the road between Duncannon Fort and the village of Killmaine, during daylight, or in the obscurity of night. It was not a season of the year to enjoy the

really beautiful scenery of the Waterford river. The distance from the town, which was at this period rising into importance, to Duncannon, is fully fourteen miles. The richly-wooded sides of the lofty hills that sometimes shut in the river, giving it the appearance and character at high tide of a beautiful lake, were still picturesque in their shades and colours, then changing, as the river serpented in its course, into lofty overhanging rocks over the stream, at times narrowed to a hundred yards, then suddenly opening into a wide expanse of water. The confluence of the noble Barrow with the Suir, formed a fine and striking panorama, from the diversified beauty of the encircling hills, the jutting promontories, and one or two small islands dotting the more extended surface of the two rivers. Horace De Lacy, who was a great lover of rural scenery, enjoyed the sail down the river. In his own mind he felt satisfied, as far as he could judge, that the prejudice at that period felt by the English for everything Irish was most unfounded. Nevertheless it was a period

critical and dangerous, for an Englishman to visit the wild sea-coast of the County of Wexford.

It was the period of the "United Irishmen;" but justice should be made between those United Irishmen, who at this time meditated rebellion and disloyalty, and those united before for far different purposes. The 'United Irishmen' of 1793—4, sought only a reform in Parliament, and emancipation for their Catholic fellow-subjects. The 'United Irishmen' of 1797—98 sprang from the fermenting dregs of the people, worked into savage action by perhaps some real grievances, but much more from the insidious harangues of vile and unprincipled agitators. There were many political schemes in operation at this period, and here and there in various counties, rebel bands were already formed, and committed desperate outrages upon obnoxious gentry. The County of Wexford especially was in a most disturbed state, though it was not till the following year that the rebellion broke out, yet many terrible scenes were enacted in 97—for in that year, a powerful fleet

from France was expected to land an army upon the shores of Ireland. While in Dublin, De Lacy heard rumours of the disturbed state of Wexford, but he paid little attention to the reports. All gentlemen carried weapons at that period, and furnished with these, and a guide such as James Kelly, the short distance they had to travel from Duncannon to the Village of Killmaine, gave him him no concern.

It was near sun-set as Horace De Lacy and James Kelly left Duncannon Fort, and took the road along the coast. There was a fine westerly breeze blowing, and a clear sky overhead. The distance to traverse was only twelve or fourteen miles, a mere four hours walk for two such vigorous men as De Lacy and his guide.

The road was interesting enough while day-light lasted, as it commanded extensive sea views, though the country bordering that deserted coast was extremely wild and rugged for the first five miles, nor indeed could the road be styled a road fit for a modern vehicle.

“ This is not a remarkably smooth thoroughfare, James,” said Horace De Lacy, as they turned off from the sea-coast, and commenced ascending a rough rugged hill, though of no great height.

“ Faix, Sir, they baint roads for carriages in these parts, for the gentry here keep the best horses in the kingdom and ride over everything. Be gor, I remember, when I was a lad, that young Squire O’Kelly, he was a broth of a boy then your honour, he used to cross the country right and left, and the dickens a road he troubled himself with at all at all, and he’d devart himself as he galloped across the farms, a shooting at the dogs, hens, and other beasts, he met.”

“ It’s a wonder, Jim,” remarked De Lacy, with a smile, “ that some of the young farmers do not return the compliment, by taking a shot at him.”

“ Faix, and maybe they might have done so, Sir; but you see, his father is one of the ould stock, and the parish priest, Father O’Mara, a mighty good man entirely, kept an eye upon them, for the O’Kelly’s of Crokane always sided

with the Catholic party in all the risings for years back, and the people, your honour, would bear a great deal before they would hurt or harm the son of an O'Kelly."

"Do we pass near Crokane, James," questioned our hero, "before we reach your village, or is it the other side."

"We pass within half a mile of the mansion, Sir, the village is on the other side of the creek; if we had daylight, I could take you a much shorter way, but then we should have to cross the creek in a boat."

As our wayfarers proceeded it grew extremely dusk; but James, intricate as the road was, found no difficulty in remembering his way. Horace De Lacy had left his portmanteau in Waterford, his attendant carrying a few necessaries tied up in a handkerchief. They had now arrived at the turn in the road where it branched off to Crokane, when suddenly from both hedgss that lined the sides of the road, nearly a dozen men started out, armed with bludgeons and pistols completely

stopping further progress along the road. A man, apparently a strong, able, broad-shouldered individual, came a few paces in advance, and in a harsh fierce tone, said—"Stand, if ye don't want your skulls cracked." Horace De Lacy stood his ground, and put his hand on his sword, while James Kelly at once stepped forward, saying, "Arrah, take it easy my darlings, and don't be pouring in your broadsides, before you know we're an enemy or not; who the dickens do you take us for—that you spring out of the ground like Leprehawns."

"Who are you then? Who's that tall man behind you? Let him speak."

"Be gor, you're welcome to my name," said James, "it's the same as my father's; and faix, maybe some of you knew ould Paudeen Kelly, gamekeeper to the O'Kelly of Crokane."

"Let your comrade spake and hold your jaw," said the man, "he's an Englishman."

"Now, my men," said De Lacy advancing, "you can have nothing to say to me, as I am a

stranger in your country altogether. I perceive you are not robbers, therefore let us proceed on our way, or there will be broken bones."

"Arrah Mon Dioul," scornfully exclaimed the leader of the men, "do you dare to threaten: we know you now, we're all right."

"Dioul yes," shouted the others, "he is the cursed Sasanach spy, cut him down." As the men uttered these words, the tall man made a spring at De Lacy, making a cut at him with the cutlass he carried. But our hero never took his eyes from him, but parrying the cut, he struck him so powerful a blow with the flat of the sword on the side of the head, that it tumbled him over. With a wild yell and a shower of curses in Irish, the rest made a dash at our hero and James Kelly; but they had to do with two as determined and powerful men as any in Ireland. Down went two more of the men from the flat of De Lacy's sword and James Kelly's stout stick, who at the same time was exclaiming—"Come my hearties, this is child's play, top your booms and give us sea room. Just then



a loud voice from a man on horseback cantering down the road from Crokane, was heard.

“Stop this strife men, you are wrong.” At that unfortunate moment, two of the men, enraged at De Lacy’s resistance, fired their pistols at our hero and his attendant, but missed them both. But as the man on horseback dashed in amongst them, one of the balls from the discharged pistol passed through his brain, tumbling him from his horse a corpse on the road.

“Be the blessed virgin, ye have killed Father O’Mara,” exclaimed their leader. Appalled and terrified, the whole party instantly turned and fled in every direction.

“Good God, James, this is terrible: these villains have killed a priest, and he evidently wishing to stop the outrage they were committing.”

“The Lord save us,” said James, stooping and raising the priest’s head, “he’s stone dead, and it’s Father O’Mara.”

“What’s to be done, James, we cannot leave the body here. You had better go on to the village and get help; I will remain here.”

“Faix, that would never do, Sir ; he’s dead, there’s no fear of any one touching him, but if you remain here, the rascals might come back and murder you. Could we catch the horse, Sir, we might take the body with us to the village.”

“That’s a good idea,” said De Lacy, and between them they caught the horse, and placing the ill-starred priest across his back, they supported him on each side, and thus reached the door of the small inn the village contained.

The consternation created in the place was intense. A man instantly jumped upon the priest’s horse, and rode off for Crokane with the intelligence of the priest’s death. The body in the mean time was carried into the parlour of the inn, amid the lamentations of all assembled, and who all kept demanding of James Kelly a hundred questions as to the murder ; for Father O’Mara, though a Jesuit and political agent of France, was yet, in the common occurrences of private life, a well-meaning and kind-hearted man, and

willing at all times and seasons to listen to the complaints of his parishioners, and aid them all in his power.

Whilst James Kelly proceeded to the cottage where his father resided, De Lacy took possession of a small room above, in which a fire was lighted. He felt exceedingly affected and distressed at the tragical death of the priest, for of course he knew nothing of Father O'Mara's, or of Murrough O'Kelly's projects.

At this fatal period of Ireland's history, though in our tale we have but little to say of rebellion, an oft told story of wrong on both sides ; but as we observed, at this period it was well known to the government, that several priests kept up a secret communication, with France, and that Father O'Mara was strongly suspected of being one of them—and such was the fact.

Murrough O'Kelly, with the stain of his birth rankling in his heart, ambitious, bigotted and violent, eagerly joined the priest in all his projects for the regeneration of Ireland, and the extermination

of heresy out of the land ; but in the construction and the carrying out of all plots, gold is always found to be an essential ingredient, whether to overturn a government, or prop it up. Thus it was that the priest was anxious that Murrough O'Kelly should raise a large sum on the Killteague property ; but inconsiderately placing documents and papers in the hands of Mr. Mc' Manus, a very shrewd Wexford attorney, he discovered that the Killteague estate belonged by right to Murrough O'Kelly senior's eldest and legitimate son, and to his heirs male or female ; and also, so far from Mr. O'Kelly being able to disinherit his eldest son, that the entire property was so strictly entailed, that he could not by will or otherwise dispose of one single acre. But Mr. Mc' Manus not being at all scrupulous, and thinking Mr. O'Kelly's legitimate son to be dead and without heirs, he thought on being promised a thousand for himself, that a mortgage on the Killteague lands might be easily effected. Mrs. O'Kelly even more bigotted than her son, eagerly aided the priest in

his views, but the insanity of the elder O'Kelly, baffled the attorney's projects for a time.

Such was the posture of affairs at the period of De Lacy's visit, and the priest's death.

Our hero was roused from a painful train of reflections, and a hasty meal, by the return of James Kelly, who appeared in an extremely excited state. "I see by your countenance, Jim," said De Lacy, "that something fresh has occurred; but tell me first, how is your father."

"The old man, thank your honour, has got on wonderful, he has not exactly the use of his timbers, but he can sit up and chat by the fire, and is very cheerful; but faix, Sir, I am fairly taken aback. A man has just come from Crokane into the village with the news that the ould O'Kelly in a fit of madness set the house on fire, which however they put out, but the ould man is dead, and they say Mrs. O'Kelly is poisoned but not dead, and they have sent for doctors. The Lord save us, your honour, this is worse than the mutiny of the Hermione. Here is the priest dead, the ould

O'Kelly dead, the wife poisoned, and the house like a ship in irons, all confusion; heaving here and there, and no pilot to take the helm."

"Well this is indeed" said De Lacy, "a most singular combination of untoward events, if you can depend on their veracity."

"There is not a doubt of it, Sir; the man who brought the news is one of the domestics. I was mentioning to my father, Sir," continued James, as he removed the things from the table, and stirred the fire with all the adroitness of an experienced waiter, "about Mr. Terence O'Kelly having left a wife and child, but that his wife was since dead. The old man was quite taken aback." 'What,' says he, 'Terence O'Kelly left a child; Is it a boy?' 'No,' says I, 'father, it's a girl.' 'It's all the same,' says he, 'for she is the real heir of Crokane.' 'What tack are you now on, father,' says I, 'for I'm bothered entirely, since the ould O'Kelly made a will, and left his estates to his second son.' 'Jim,' says my father, 'you are 'an Omadown; tell your master, if he will come

to my little cabin, I'll be after telling his honour many strange things of Crokane.' Just then one of the neighbours came in with the news of the ould O'Kelly's death, and all the rest of the affair.

'The Lord be good to us,' says my father, crossing himself, 'three deaths in one night; the Lord wills that the disinherited shall come to their rights.' "So I left the old man to come and tell you, Sir, this terrible news."

"It is certainly very extraordinary," said De Lacy, musingly, "events following one another so rapidly; but I suppose some steps will be taken to secure the murderers of the priest; for though they did not intentionally kill him, they certainly did the—" Just as De Lacy uttered these words, a smash of a pane of glass was heard, and some hard object fell into the room. "Ha! the villains," exclaimed James Kelly, turning round and running down stairs as fast as possible, while our hero walked over to where the missile lay and picked it up. It was a small stone, wrapped round with paper. Unrolling the paper, De Lacy approached

the candle and examined it. With a smile of contempt, he read the few lines it contained :—

“ Leave the County of Wexford before you are  
“ twenty-four hours older, or you are a dead man.  
“ Take this warning from one who never missed  
“ the same mark twice.”

Folding the paper, he put it in his pocket, heeding very little the threat it contained, but quite satisfied in his own mind, that the period he had selected for visiting the County of Wexford was, by no means, a propitious one; but, nevertheless quite resolved not to be put out of his way by a party of ruffians. James Kelly soon returned into the room, and with a vexed air said, “ Faix, the rascal whoever he was, your honour, carried more canvas than I did, for he was out of sight: What was it, Sir?”

“ Nothing of any consequence, James; but I think it's necessary we should keep a good look out to windward, for we are certainly sailing on ticklish waters. They expect us to get out of the country in four-and-twenty hours.”



“Oh, by gor, they shan’t frighten us that way, your honour, anyhow. My father says there’s a bloody-minded set of pirates about the county now. It’s only the other night, that they took a man named Tim Mullins, an informer they called him, out of his bed, stripped him and fastened him on a horse covered with hedge-hog skins.”

“Rather an unpleasant saddle, James,” said De Lacy, “but is the county actually so very disturbed.”

“So they say, Sir: I wish we had the whole boiling of them aboard ship, and a plentiful supply of cats. Be gor, Sir, I’d help to scratch their backs abit, anyhow.”

“I fear there is something worse brewing than these partial factions; but have they sent for any magistrates to investigate this affair?”

“Faith, there’s a whole troop of dragoons coming, Sir, and three or four magistrates from Wexford; and they say a French fleet is expected off the coast to land an army.”

“I trow our blue jackets must not go to sleep, Jim,” said De Lacy, with a smile, “otherwise they will meet a warm reception. I think they ought to remember their last attempt, for in my mind it’s a mad scheme.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE village of Killmaine and the adjacent hamlets became in a state of great excitement on the morning following the murder of Father O'Mara. The death also of O'Kelly of Crokane, and the dangerous state in which Mrs. O'Kelly lay from the effects of the poison administered to her by her insane husband, added to the feverish anxiety of the people, all tenants of the O'Kelly.

It was so far fortunate that Mrs. O'Kelly, after drinking about half the mixture, into which the laudanum was poured, thought she detected a strange taste, and put down the goblet, but a stupor came rapidly over her, she felt confused,

and finally sat down in the arm chair ;—thus she escaped death. All this was not known to the peasantry, who as usual on such occasions, concocted many rumours and conjectures of their own.

De Lacy had just finished his breakfast, when in looking out of the window, he perceived a gentleman, booted and spurred, and mounted on a noble black horse, ride down the street of the village facing the window, in fact the only street of the village, the little inn dividing the road into two, and standing by itself in the middle. There were numbers of the villagers and peasantry lounging about the street, and standing conversing at the doors of the cabins, amusing themselves at intervals with kicking at some stray pig, and bursting into a laugh, as the animal dodged in amongst the crowd, throwing one or two down, for Paddy invariably contrives to mingle the ludicrous with the most solemn scenes.

As the rider on the black horse rode down the street, the people touched their hats, many taking

their apology for one off, smoothing down their dark curly locks. The rider paid no attention to their salutations, but rode on followed by a groom. He looked up as he halted by the inn door, and thus our hero obtained a short glimpse of his features. He was a young man, perhaps his own age, or two or three years older; his countenance was handsome, but the expression of his features was stern and fierce, his very dark and large brows were knit into a frown, apparently habitual. Throwing the reins of his horse to his groom, he alighted and entered the inn.

Horace De Lacy, as he looked at that somewhat remarkable countenance, felt satisfied in his own mind that he beheld Murrough O'Kelly. A few minutes afterwards the landlord, an old man, with a keen inquisitive eye, entered the room, and with a servile bow, said,

“Plase your honour, Squire O'Kelly is below, and wishes to spake a few words with you, Sir, if it pleases you.”

“Certainly,” said our hero, “shew him up here.”

“Plase your Worship, he’s a waiting in the parlour. We carried the body of poor Father O’Mara, the Lord receive his soul, into another room, as the magistrates and the dragoons will be here in an hour.”

“Very good, go on, and I will follow you,” said De Lacy. The landlord descended the stairs, and threw open the door of the parlour.

Murrough O’Kelly was pacing the confined limits of the chamber. With a hurried step and a disturbed expression of countenance, he paused as the door opened, and De Lacy entered, and with a hasty harsh manner was about to say something, when his eyes rested upon the calm fine features and commanding figure of Horace De Lacy. He then paused, and seemed doubtful what to say.

“Mr. O’Kelly, I presume,” said our hero politely.

With a flush over his before pale cheek, Murrough O’Kelly, who was never very polished in his manners, replied, “You are correct, Sir,—my name is O’Kelly ;” and then he threw his heavy handled hunting-whip on the table. De Lacy very quietly

took a chair, and left O'Kelly to commence the conversation.

“This is a very horrid murder you are concerned in, Sir,” said Murrough O'Kelly, “pray what is your name and business in this County?”

There was a slight increase of color in Horace De Lacy's cheek, that boded no good to his questioner; but checking his temper, he very calmly, but with marked emphasis, said, “Do you make those enquiries, Sir, as from one gentleman to another, or as a magistrate: your answer will guide my reply.” There was a look and tone in De Lacy's features and manners there was no mistaking. Murrough O'Kelly bit his lip from vexation. He was accustomed from the small farmers and his dependants, and the Squireens in the vicinity, a servile submission; he now perceived that he had to do with a person of a very different stamp from those with whom he had hitherto mixed.

Murrough O'Kelly therefore bridling his anger and vexation said, “It's my duty, Sir, as a Local

Magistrate, to ask such questions as I think fit,—till higher authority arrives; I therefore repeat my question.”

“Well, Sir,” returned our hero, “I will answer both your questions in very few words; my name is De Lacy.” At that name, Murrough O’Kelly started back, with a suppressed oath, looking at our hero with a dark vengeful look; but De Lacy quietly continued, “and my business in this country was to pay a visit to your father, whom I regret to hear is dead.”

Murrough O’Kelly stood at first bewildered, his mind incapable of understanding all the meaning of those words and their consequences. He knew right well his own individual situation, and he had also made himself aware that Terence O’Kelly, his elder half-brother, married a Miss De Lacy, and left an heir, and that his father in destroying his will, had left him a beggar. These thoughts came after a moment into his mind, and a feeling of intense exasperation was exciting him to commit some rash act, and rendered him for a



moment unable to reply. De Lacy could but partly understand Murrough O'Kelly's thoughts and feelings. He suspected he must know of his half-brother's marriage with his aunt, and that he felt that his claims to the property of his father, was about to receive a severe blow. However, Murrough O'Kelly partly mastered his fierce thoughts, and in a constrained tone and manner said, "May I ask you, Sir, what might be your business with my late father?"

"To ascertain, Sir," returned our hero, "whether Miss O'Kelly, the daughter of Terence O'Kelly, and your father's grandchild, would be acknowledged by him; I now ask you Mr. O'Kelly, although it is not exactly a time I would select to ask such questions, has Miss O'Kelly any claims upon her grandfather's estates, as the child of his eldest son. You have requested to know my business with your father; now Sir, you know it."

Murrough O'Kelly was somewhat staggered by this plain question; but, after a moment, he replied in a sharp cutting tone, "None, Sir, that

I know of. You must be aware that my father disinherited his eldest son, who renounced the faith of his forefathers : my father in consequence made a will in my favour."

"At all events, Sir," returned our hero, who keenly remarked the change and hesitation of O'Kelly's manner, as he uttered the last few words—"at all events, it is satisfactory to know Miss O'Kelly's position in society ; she has powerful protectors, and now being satisfied that she is the grandchild of the late Mr. Murrough Terence O'Kelly, it will be our duty to see whether your late father had a right to make a will and disinherit his eldest son. You need not, Sir, look on me," added De Lacy, "as a person interfering in a business not appertaining to me, I am Miss O'Kelly's first cousin ; I will therefore do my duty conscientiously and fearlessly. I do not deny your rights, Mr. O'Kelly, but at the same time—"

"Take care, Sir," interrupted Murrough O'Kelly passionately, "take care that you do not pay very dearly for this conscientious interference of

yours. The heretic daughter of a base seceder from the faith of his fathers, shall never inherit an acre of the lands of the O'Kelly. I strongly suspect this fearless interference," he added with a mocking sneer, "has a large portion of self in it. You would probably secure if you could a fortune for your intended wife."

"You may think just what you please, Mr. O'Kelly," returned our hero, no way moved by the remarks of Murrough O'Kelly' "but I feel persuaded you must have more solid ground to stand upon, or your claims to the O'Kelly estates, will prove very shallow ones indeed."

"D——. what! do you dare to insinuate," burst from Murrough O'Kelly's lips, livid with rage, quite unable to controul his terrible passion. He grasped the loaded whip that lay upon the table, and foamed out, "I'd cut the coat from your back false Englishman, and send you back to your country, that has always aimed to trample on and degrade us. You have grossly insulted me, and if before this day closes you do not

give me satisfaction, I'll horsewhip you out of the County."

Horace De Lacy listened to this burst of passion without moving a step, or evincing the least emotion. It was so perfectly ungentlemanlike, so totally uncalled for, that he was inclined to attribute it to insanity. However, he replied, You have used such language, Mr. O'Kelly, that I must either think you deprived of your senses, or ——"

"Curse you, let that convince you," said the half-frenzied O'Kelly, "whether my senses are affected," and making rapid strides over the floor, he aimed a desperate blow with his horsewhip at De Lacy's face. But Murrough O'Kelly had to do with a man of iron nerves and sinews. Our hero caught the whip handle in his grasp, and with a sudden and frightful wrench, he tore it from the infuriated O'Kelly's hand, actually dislocating the wrist from the force used on both sides. Murrough O'Kelly fell back in a chair, with a suppressed groan. As he did so, a gentleman, dressed in the garb of a Country Squire of that period, entered

the room. "Be the god of war, gentlemen," exclaimed the stranger, "keep the peace, and curb your tempers."

De Lacy turned round sharply on hearing those words, and with an exclamation of astonishment said, "Captain Flaherty—is it possible," holding out his hand at the same time.

Grasping the hand held out to him, Captain Flaherty exclaimed, "By the Pope's toe, it's you, De Lacy; this is wonderful."

Seizing his whip in his left hand, Murrough O'Kelly passed them by, saying, looking at our hero with intense bitterness of expression, "you shall see me again, and when you do, you will have cause to remember the time and place;"—and rushed from the room.

"Now what the deuce, De Lacy," said Captain Flaherty, looking after Murrough O'Kelly with great surprize, "now where could you and young Mr. O'Kelly have met to pick up a quarrel in so short a time. Here's a priest murdered, the old Kelly as dead as a pickled tunny, and the

young tiger and you within a hair's breath of eating one another. Now what on earth, Horace, brought you into this country, though it rejoices my heart to see you. Be the pipers of war, now we have met, we'll not part in a hurry."

Horace De Lacy smiled, saying, "I might safely ask, my dear Flaherty, what the deuce brings you here."

"Me," returned the Captain, "by St. Patrick, sure I'm a magistrate of the County of Wexford, and a confoundedly uneasy county it is. But, my dear boy, about six or eight months after our parting, one of those cousins I often in joke spoke to you of, actually departed this life, appointing me his successor to a tidy fortune of about two thousand a year, and a handsome mansion called Broomsgrove. The worthy Lord Lieutenant finding I could drink three bottles of port, and some thirteen tumblers of whiskey-punch without winking, made me a magistrate, which is a situation, in this county, about a thousand times worse than that of Captain of Marines; then I could take a quiet bottle of

wine and calculate upon a fair allowance of sleep. But, upon my conscience, what with peep-o'-day boys, white-boys, and every other kind of boys under the sun, I'm forced to sleep in top-boots and spurs, and never get to my second bottle, but I'm roused out by some infernal rapparee or other skylarking at night. You can't think, Horace, how rejoiced I am to see you. Ha! by the gods of war, here are my two fellow magistrates and the coroner riding down the street, so come along. But where's the gentleman who was present when the villains shot the priest?"

"You see him before you, Flaherty. I am the person concerned in that unfortunate affair."

"The deuce," returned Flaherty, with a look of surprise, "may I never drink another dozen tumblers of whiskey, but I'm bothered entirely, and until I get a couple of bottles of claret under my waistcoat, I shall not see clearly."

As Captain Flaherty said the words, the two magistrates and the coroner entered the room, and were introduced to De Lacy by the worthy Marine,

as the Lieutenant De Lacy, who took the famous French fifty-gun ship, the — with a saucy little frigate of thirty-two guns. Horace laughingly interrupted his friend in his panegyric, by saying, “he had never heard his friend make so long a speech before his sixth tumbler.”

The gentlemen seemed highly struck and pleased by the look and manner of De Lacy, shook him heartily by the hand, and expressed great regret that his acquaintance with their county should have commenced in so disagreeable a manner.

We shall not detain our readers with the dry details of the coroner and magistrates examination. Like a great many similar cases brought before county magistrates, there was a vast amount of talking, and no end of witnesses examined, besides our hero and James Kelly; and finally it ended in the unanimous opinion that Father O'Mara, parish priest of Killmaine and Killbeg, was murdered by a gang of ruffians, but whether by rebels, peep-o'-day-boys, or night-boys, or any other of the numerous societies of boys then existing, it was



not possible to say. A troop of dragoons were to arrive the next day to scour the country, and a large reward would be offered for apprehension, or any information leading to detection of any of the villains, and so ended the matter ; and thus the magistrates all, excepting Captain Flaherty, after inviting our hero to their mansions, mounted their horses and rode off.

Captain Flaherty, as his friend could not accompany him to his mansion of Broomsgrove that day, resolved to stay that night with him, as they had a thousand things to say to each other. Leaving the Captain therefore to order dinner, Horace De Lacy, before it got too dark, set out to visit James Kelly's father, as most probably he would accompany his friend to Wexford the next day.

## CHAPTER XIV.

CAPTAIN ANDREW FLAHERTY had by no means lost his love of good living and good wine, by his most unexpected succession to a handsome property.

Neither had he lost one of the many good qualities he possessed when captain of Marines, on board the Colossus. Horace De Lacy was his beau ideal of a sailor, and a gentleman; he was his especial favorite on board the ship; while Flaherty himself, from his invariable good humour, his cheerful temper, and exceeding good nature, was a favorite from the Captain down to the black cook,

Pompey. Convinced that De Lacy must have some particular reason out of the common for visiting the county of Wexford, and having overheard the violent language used by Murrough O'Kelly, and witnessed De Lacy's act, in wresting the whip from his infuriated antagonist, he resolved to stay by his old favorite and assist him either in person or in purse should he require it.

The first thing the worthy Captain did after the departure of his brother magistrates and their clerks, after swearing in a whole host of constables, who would as soon face a mad bull as a peep o' day boy, was to question the landlord about what was to be had for dinner, and what kind of wine he had; for this was a period, gentle reader, when good claret and good port could be had, at even such an inn as the "Mermaid of Kilmaine." It chanced that the boats had just come in, and a splendid turbot was pounced upon by the Marine, with evident delight, and a couple of lobsters completed his purchase. Well, thought Captain Flaherty, this will do, even if there's nothing else

to be had, but the landlady of the Mermaid surprised him with the promise of a young turkey. While the Captain was giving sundry directions as to the dressing of the turbot, we will follow Horace De Lacy to the cottage of old James Kelly, guided by the son.

The cottage of James Kelly, the elder, was a very comfortable roomy building; it was inhabited by the old man, his eldest son, a fisherman, his wife and two daughters; the eldest daughter was about sixteen, and as pretty and modest a damsel as any in the county of Wexford; there was a neat little garden in front, and the back garden led down to the borders of the creek, where the fishing hooker lay snug on the mud, when the tide was out.

Pretty Nelly Kelly gazed up into the handsome features of Horace De Lacy, as she opened the door to admit him, with a pair of cheeks like a pair of full blown roses, and deep blue eyes, as soft and as tender as a dove's.

Nelly led the way into the room where the old

man sat in a large oak chair, before a cheerful fire ; the ex-gamekeeper was a comfortable man in his way, for he had saved a good round sum during his life, and his son was an industrious and very successful fisherman, and a fine athletic fellow to boot.

The old man excused himself for not getting up to receive his visitor, as the rheumatiz had seized upon his limbs ; but he thanked God that he was very well otherwise, and could not complain, as he had seen sixty years without a day's illness. He seemed greatly taken with Horace De Lacy's appearance, as were all the inmates of the cottage ; when left alone with the old man, he became very communicative ; he did not appear to want words to express himself with, and altogether he struck our hero as one who had received a certain kind of education in his youth, and not only that, but his look and manner even at his time of life were superior to his class.

“ My son James tells me, sir,” said the ci-devant gamekeeper, “ that you are first cousin to poor dear Mrs. Terence O'Kelly's only child. I loved him,

sir, when a boy, a great deal better than his own father did ; perhaps, sir, you will be surprised when I tell you, and God knows I don't mean it as boasting, but the O'Kelly as is gone, ' May the Lord forgive him,'” he added devoutly, “ for he was a terrible man all his life. He was my half brother, sir,” and the old gamekeeper looked up into the expressive features of De Lacy; “ his father and mine was a good man, save indeed, he was wildish in his youth, but he gave me a decent education, and was very kind to my mother while she lived. But I did not request your honour to come here to listen to my account of myself. I wish to serve the right heir to the O'Kelly, and not the proud offspring of Margaret Binks. It's believed all about these parts, sir,” continued the old man, “ that Mr. O'Kelly, him that died last night, had the power of willing away the whole of the estates to whom he pleased, and that he made his will and left all the estates to his illegitimate son. But I know better than that. While my father lived, I was always treated well,

and he himself often talked to me; and visited my cottage when I was married, and he helped me to furnish it, and was very good to me, but he used to say, 'James, I have no power over the landed property, it goes by direct descent, and no O'Kelly can alter the entail of the property. I have nothing saved up.' True, for him, he could not, for he lived liked a prince, and faix, sir, at his death, the debts took away a couple of thousand pounds of the property annually, which was raised by mortgage, though how that was managed I can't say. After his death, my half brother made me gamekeeper over the estate, but he took away the ten acres I held free of rent. I won't talk ill of the dead, so let him rest, the Lord be good to him, but I can't bear to see his real heir wronged. Mr. O'Kelly's wife, after her marriage, became possessed of the broad lands of Killteague, and this bequest of an old uncle, who came home from the West Indies, was so settled, that no one could touch it but her own natural heirs, so that of right it belonged to Mr. Terence O'Kelly, and he

being dead, to his daughter, whom your honour declares to be alive and well. The lands of Killteague are worth a thousand a year, at present, but I heard say on the death of a Mr. Richard O'Dowd, of Wexford, a very old man, and the last life in the lease, they would be worth double. Now, I know Mrs. O'Kelly and her son are trying to either sell these lands, or raise a large sum upon them, and the sooner your honour puts in the young lady's claim to the property the better, and you can't go to a better man, than Mr. Charles O'Driscoll, of Waterford ; his father was a great friend of my father's, and transacted all his law business, and knew all about the O'Kelly property. He is dead, rest his soul in glory, but his son must know a great deal about it, and no man in the county of Waterford has a higher character. I have nothing more worth speaking of, your honour, and I hope you will excuse my roundabout way of telling you this ; but I love the old legitimate stock, and I thought when Mr. Terence O'Kelly died, that the last of the stock



had gone—but praise be to God, there's one left yet, and I trust I may live to see her in the home of her fathers.”

Horace De Lacy had listened to the old man's narrative with exceeding interest; he was sitting with his back to a small window that looked out into the back garden, which garden led down to a somewhat marshy bank, along which ran the tidal creek which skirted the lawn of Crokane Park, about a mile further up. It was now quite dusk; De Lacy was noting down in a pocket book the heads of James Kelly's narrative and the name of Mr. Charles O'Driscoll; and as the old man ended, he happened to drop his pencil; in the very act of stooping there was a crash of glass in the window, followed by a loud report of a pistol; the ball struck the high back of the chair, in which the old man was sitting, knocking it to splinters, but most fortunately without injuring him in the least. Had Horace De Lacy been sitting upright, he must have been shot through the head.

“The Lord be merciful to us,” ejaculated the old

man greatly agitated; there was a scream from the next room, and then Nelly came rushing, pale with fright, followed by the old man's two sons, obstructing our hero's passage out. "Search the garden, Jim," said Horace, hurrying out, followed by Jim; in going through the garden they perceived a man clear the bottom hedge; quick of foot, De Lacy was in close pursuit, but as he gained the other side of the hedge, he beheld a man in a small punt, sculling to the other side of the creek, where there was a broken wall of large stones. The man uttered a laugh of derision, and shouted out, "B—— your luck, cursed Sasanach. If lead won't kill you, I will try silver." James Kelly, with a savage exclamation of intense vexation, was kicking off his shoes, throwing aside his coat to swim the creek when De Lacy stopped him. "Let the rascal go, Jim. You see, he will gain the wood long before you can reach the other side, and without shoes, the chase would be a painful one."

"It won't do, sir, for you to stay here," said

Jim, in a tone of wrath. "These cowardly cut throats will surely shoot your honour ; it was you the murdering villain aimed at. I heard what he said, I thought first it was at my ould father."

"No, it's the same hand," said De Lacy, "that shot father O'Mara, and threw the stone into the room, yet your father had a most happy escape. It would have grieved me to the heart had he been injured—my stooping for a pencil I dropped, saved me. We must keep a better watch, Jim, while we remain in this country."

"Be Jove, sir; I'll borrow a blunderbuss, and sleep outside the door, and blaze at the first rascal I see, on my watch."

"I see your brother," said our hero, "has gone to look for a boat; I suppose it was his punt, the rascal made free with."

"I think it was, sir; the tide is running down, and the villain has set the boat afloat."

"Well," said De Lacy, "I must go to the inn, for Captain Flaherty will get impatient for his dinner; tell your father I will visit him in the morning, before

I leave ; there will be no risk in broad daylight ; that fellow must have watched my entrance into the cottage, and watched till it grew dusk. Moreover, assure your father I feel very grateful to him for the information he has given me, and will follow his advice ; now I cannot delay." So saying, Horace De Lacy, considerably annoyed, though not from any fear of his life—albeit no man can well admire being made a target for a set of villains to practice at, left the garden, and proceeded into the village. The people were still in groups, here and there talking earnestly, and many turned round and gazed after the tall form of De Lacy as he proceeded down the street and into the little inn.

He found his worthy friend the Captain looking out anxiously for him, and just on the point of sending a lad to look for him ; for the Captain's appetite was extremely punctual and keen, and the turbot was done, and the lobster sauce concocted *secundum artem*.

"Now, where the deuce have you been, Horace,

all this time? A petticoat in the wind, eh? has the old bunting the same attraction on this side of the water?"

"Not this time, Flaherty," said our hero with a smile. "I have been on another tack entirely, but I am nevertheless quite ready for my dinner; after which we must have a long chat. I can assure you I have very serious business on hand, and may probably want your advice and assistance, for you must know this country much better than I do, and how to manage the people."

"Faith, I don't know; my assistance you are welcome to as the flowers of May, but I am deuced sorry to hear you have anything serious to do. I hate being serious, and indeed, I don't think I was ever very serious in my life, except once, and that was on board the Racehorse. We had all joined to give the officers of the Ganymede frigate a grand blow-out; we had to rendezvous at Villa Franca, when we were chased by an infernal French seventy-four gun ship, whose very first broadside demolished all our scientific arrange-

ments. A confounded thirty-six pound shot, making its way into the steward's pantry, knocked the purser, who was taking a drop on the sly, head foremost into the bread locker, out of which he was taken three parts kilt with fright; but the rascally shot smashed two dozen of champagne and the same of claret, besides making a most infernal mess of our pies, pastries and jellies. Our blow-out for the Ganymede was fairly thrown into an Irish stew, and to mend matters the seventy-four chased us full eighty miles from our post, after knocking in our bulwarks and making a blessed mess of the old girl, fore and aft."

"I remember the officers of the Ganymede telling of their disappointment," said De Lacy; "that took place before you joined the Colossus."

"Yes," said Flaherty, "but, by Jove, we had our revenge, for just as we were on the point of surrendering, the Terrible hove in sight, and turned the tables, cutting up Master Johnny so awfully, that he would have been taken, but that he contrived to get into Toulon, with the loss of mizen

and main mast, and many killed and wounded, whereas the Terrible only lost two, and nine wounded. Ah, by Jove, here's the turbot; splendid fellow eh?"

"Looks famous," said our hero, and down they sat to a dinner which Flaherty declared could not be better cooked at the ——— club house.

"Splendid sauce, Horace, by Jove," continued the hearty Marine; "I'll visit this place another time, there's nothing like taking a fish out of the water and into the pot."

"Probably not to you," said De Lacy, smiling, "but, I dare say, the turbot would differ in opinion."

The dinner passed off greatly to the satisfaction of the Captain; the wine was excellent, and De Lacy during the meal, talked only of old times. "And so," said the Captain, "my old comrade Charles Delmere has become Lord Ellesmere. What became of his two elder brothers?"

"They were both drowned at Brighton in a most unfortunate and certainly extraordinary way."

“How was that?” said the Captain, permitting the remains of the turkey to be removed with a slight sigh.

“They were riding along the beach at Brighton, it was blowing very fresh, but several bathing machines were out with ladies bathing, when, by some accident, the horse pulling a machine out, got too far into the tide, the ladies screaming as the sea broke against it. The cord snapped, and the machine blown by the wind, was carried into deep water. The screams of the ladies attracted the two brothers, and they rode their spirited horses into the waves; they took fright, and strange to say, they actually lost their seats, and melancholy to relate, were drowned, while those in the machine were saved, and merely received a ducking.”

“Well, by Jove, Horace, those are in truths the chances of life; what a fate! and thus Charley became a lord, but a better fellow never breathed, a true blue, and no mistake.”

“He is all that,” said our hero, “and his choice



of a wife reflects great credit upon his heart and head, for she is a most lovely and aimiable woman, and worthy in every way of the coronet she wears."

Every thing being cleared away, and the wine before them, Captain Flaherty begged his friend to make him acquainted with his adventures from the time of their separation, for though he had heard the particulars of the court martial which Captain D—— demanded, and which so redounded to his own disgrace, yet, there were many things concerning the capture of the French fifty gun ship he should like to hear.

This our hero did ; he acknowledged disobeying Captain D——'s orders, and even allowed the action was a rash one, though crowned with glorious success, and at an amazing small sacrifice of lives. "Where I particularly acted wrong," said De Lacy in continuance, "was giving way to my temper, and horsewhipping Captain D—— after my being reprimanded and giving up the service."

“Served him perfectly right, Horace,” said the Captain. “Infernal coward, didn’t he run from a French frigate of his own force, when you might have taken it easily.”

“He did, and it was that circumstance that so amazed me, and roused the spirit of the crew to wash away the disgrace inflicted upon them.”

“Well, upon my conscience, Horace, you had deuced ill luck after all to stumble on two such men as Captain D—— and Captain Spigot, of the *Hermione*; the last, though a tyrant, was no coward.”

“No,” returned De Lacy, “he certainly was not.” He then related to Captain Flaherty, his meeting with Miss O’Kelly, their relationship and his object in visiting the county of Wexford, and also of the attempt made upon his life, whilst conversing with old James Kelly in his cottage—an attempt that greatly surprised our hero, who always considered that the stranger visiting Ireland, no matter his creed or his country, always received protection and hospitality, even from the most inveterate disturbers of the peace.

“ Before I make any other remark,” said Captain Flaherty, pushing over the decanter to his friend, “ I think I can enlighten you on that subject ; and I must say I consider those attacks serious. There has existed, for a considerable period in this county, a rancorous feeling of hatred between Catholic and Protestant ; but I will leave that question alone and come to the present state of this country, which at this moment is peculiarly disturbed, expecting a French invasion. It is well known that the government have positive information against many in this county, and also against some of the priests, one or two of them rank Jesuits. Now Murrough O’Kelly is a suspected man, and so was the late unfortunate Father O’Mara. An Englishman, whose name I must suppress, was to come into this county with the avowed intention of shooting and skating ; he is a man who has dwelt long in Ireland and knows the people here ; he is engaged by the government to sift the secret combination that exists in this county ; how it got abroad I cannot say, but it did, and this Englishman was watched for. Now my dear friend, this spying

system is a deuced bad one, degrading and infamous. A man has to come into a place with the avowed purpose of amusing himself, and to have letters of introduction to certain families suspected of being hostile to the English government, to mingle and partake of the hospitality of this family, and then betray them."

"Most infamous," said De Lacy with indignation; "I could scarcely imagine that the government would find a man so base as to act such a part."

"Very true, Horace; but your indignation will be greater when I tell you there are Irishmen of good name and family, who are acting as agents of the same sort, and receiving large sums for their villany. However, let this be, this Englishman is reported to be a tall strong man, about thirty years of age; he was to come into this county from the Waterford side, for it transpired yesterday, when the magistrates met at Wexford, on hearing of the murder of the priest, that Father O'Mara was aware of the coming of the government agent, and that

he was actually furnished with letters of introduction to Mr. Murrrough O'Kelly, who is passionately fond of field sports ; that those peep-of-day boys, or white boys or rebels, or any of the numerous variety of boys that exist in Ireland, were undoubtedly set up to watch for this Englishman, and very likely they mistook you for him, and the unfortunate death of this priest, who, excepting his political opinions, was a most excellent man, has doubly increased their animosity against you, and for you to attempt to stay in the county and undeceive them is out of the question. Now to-morrow there will be a troop of dragoons here; I know their officer well, and you and I will ride over to my place under an escort, for depend upon it all your gallantry and courage will not save you from being shot down from behind a hedge or a stone fence. When the county gets settled you can then return, and matters can be explained."

"My dear friend, I cannot do any such thing," said De Lacy, "I am determined not to leave this place, allowing the people to imagine I ever acted

in so detested a capacity as a spy for any government under the sun. A few days will disabuse them of this idea ; the very sight of my quitting the place with an escort of Dragoons would so confirm them in their opinion, that no attempt afterwards would succeed in upsetting it. As a cousin of Miss O'Kelly, I came here to see after her relations ; since I arrived, I have become convinced that she is unquestionably the real heiress to the lands, now held by Murrough O'Kelly. I will therefore dispute his right, state who I am ; this will satisfy the people at once."

"Zounds, man, you may be shot ten times over during that process, and then who will protect that beautiful cousin of yours, and vindicate her rights against that desperate half madman, Murrough O'Kelly ? By my conscience, you gave his wrist a most awful wrench, but he richly deserved it. Now, tell the truth, my boy," added Flaherty, seeing his friend looking very thoughtful, "you're thinking of the fair Helen ; there's a wife in the wind, eh ?"

"Well, I confess there is, Flaherty, but this

very probable accession of Miss O'Kelly to a large property, raises serious difficulties between us."

"The devil it does," exclaimed the Captain, staring at his friend with a droll expression of countenance. "I should think," he added, filling his glass, "it would be a remarkably pleasing addition to the charms of the bride; however here's to the health and happiness of the future Mrs. De Lacy, and success to your endeavours to restore to her her rights." Having drank this, the Captain sighed, saying, "I will tell you a bit of a secret, Horace."

De Lacy looked into the jovial handsome face of his friend, who was trying to look sentimental, saying, "A secret, are you going to take a wife, Flaherty."

"By Jove, De Lacy, you have hit it. My bachelor days are soon to end, another month and I'm a lost man."

"Well," said De Lacy, "I will never believe a Marine again. I have heard you say one hundred times you hoped you would be shot whenever you felt a weakness of that sort."

“Very true,” sighed the Captain. “I do not deny the fact; and upon my soul, I really do not know now what to do, for at times I feel a tightness across my throat, a kind of suffocation.”

“Indigestion,” remarked De Lacy, laughing.

“No, faith, there’s a wide difference. She’s a widow, Horace.”

“A widow! Oh, ye Gods!” laughed De Lacy in real earnest. “Why, man, do you remember the widow at Malta? You declared after that affair that it required more pluck to face a widow than the broadside of a two-decker.”

“Quite true, my lad, so I did; nevertheless it’s a fact, she’s a widow, has had two husbands, and is only twenty-eight, and such a pair of black eyes, such a foot and ankle. Ha, she has promised besides to attend to the gastronomic part of our household, to keep the best cook in the county; and told me in confidence that she had six Indian receipts for sauces, that would render my dinner parties immortal.”

“Then, by Jove, it’s all up with you, my poor



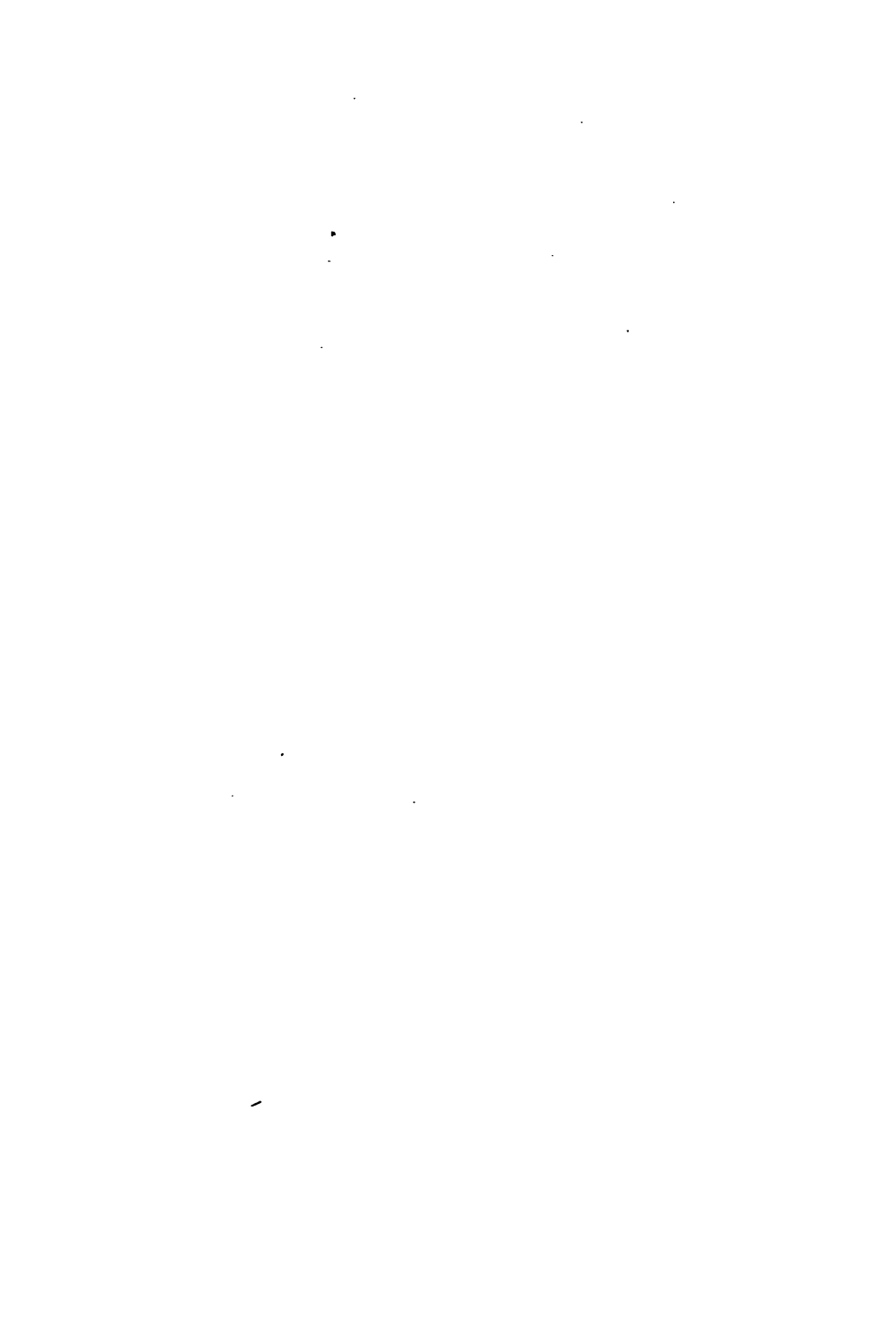
fellow," said De Lacy, "but I confess you have immense courage to venture being the third husband to any woman living under the age of eighty."

"So I once thought, Horace; but you see this is a peculiar case. She is the widow of two husbands. But you see the two husbands were nonentities. I must tell you how it was; we have a long evening before us, and the time is not bad. I have been serious for more than an hour, I must now relax a little."

"Very good," said De Lacy, who felt curious to know how his friend, the very last man he thought likely to fall in love with a widow, came to propose for so dangerous a one as the relic of two husbands.

The worthy Captain decanted a fresh bottle, filled his glass, sighed and commenced as follows:

But we must refer our readers to the first chapter of our second volume for the history of Captain Flaherty's courtship of the widow of two husbands.



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